

TORONTO SATURDAY NIGHT

Vol. 17, No. 8

(The Sheppard Publishing Co., Limited, Props.)
Office—56 Adelaide Street West.

TORONTO, CANADA, JAN. 2, 1904.

Things in General

BEFORE, and at the time of, the Panama revolution, a prediction was ventured on this page that a very short period would be permitted to elapse before the annexation by the United States of the territory through which the canal is to be built. The extraordinary absence of any moral sense which has shadowed the comments of the United States newspapers is summarized most unflinchingly in the following extract from the San Francisco "Argonaut," which, without doubt, is the best edited paper on the Pacific coast, and really, as regards independence and brains, does not need to take its hat off to anything in the United States. The article, better perhaps than anything that could be written or quoted, expresses the attitude of the better class of people of the land-hungry Republic. It is useless to talk about morals and treaties and arbitrations and international good feeling in the presence of men and newspapers who are controlled by such views as the following:

"Politically considered, a strange, anomalous and altogether unsatisfactory condition of affairs exists in the new, so-called 'Republic of Panama.' Nominally, there is a duly established Government having authority. Actually, the United States is master of the Isthmus. Nominally, the Republic of Panama is a state risen of its own strength. Actually, it could not exist a single day were the strong, supporting arm of the United States withdrawn. As a matter of cold fact, the members of the Panama junta are but marionettes manoeuvred by a string which ends in the back room of the State Department, Washington, D.C.

"Such a condition of affairs is, we say, unsatisfactory; in time it will become intolerable. 'Nine poor men will sleep on a pile of straw, but no country is large enough for two kings,' says an ancient proverb. And Panama is far too narrow to support two Governments in harmony. Between the fiery little Spanish officials and the American engineers and officers who will be constructing the canal there are bound to come conflicts of authority and wretched squabbles, if not worse. In a country where, as Mr. Roosevelt points out, there have been fifty-three revolutions in half a century, worse may reasonably be expected.

"In the treaty just ratified with Panama we guarantee its independence; promise to defend it against all comers; agree to clean the streets, alleys, and back yards of its cities; to make health resorts out of pestholes; to furnish Colon and Panama with pure water supply; to give the Government special telegraph and telephone rates within the canal strip; to allow free passage through the canal of Isthmian vessels; and furthermore to hand over to Panama ten millions of dollars in cold cash, and to pay a rental of two hundred and fifty thousand dollars a year for ever and ever, Amen.

"And why? Why should we do all this for a foreign nation, an alien people, in addition to conveying upon it the inestimable blessing of there building a two-hundred-million dollar canal? Why should we guard foreign shores and clean foreign cities? If we are going to perform these elementary Governmental functions for Panama, why should we not do all the governing? Why let these Latin upstarts strut around in gold braid with tin swords while we do all the hard work? In short, what is the use of nursing and perpetuating so puerile and palpable an absurdity as the 'Republic of Panama.' If, as Senator Morgan avers, we have by a Cæsarian operation taken Panama alive from the womb of Colombia, hadn't we better now adopt the orphan child? Panama is not a 'new' state; it can not be in fact 'independent.' She is absolutely 'dependent.' To speak of Panama's 'independence' is mere juggling with words. Why, then, should we play the childish play of 'make-believe'? Why not just annex the Isthmus? Why not make those 31,571 square miles an integral part of the territory of these United States of North and Central America? Then we would have to pay over no ten millions in gold. Then we would have to dig up no two hundred and fifty thousand dollars annually. Then there would be no squabbles over jurisdiction. It would be a clean-cut, straightforward, forthright, practical solution of an evasive and hypocritical situation.

"And nobody would object. The nations of Europe would view our action calmly—benignly, in fact. It would make no difference to Colombia; she has irrevocably lost Panama anyway. And in this country only the soured anti-imperialists would squirm and howl. Yet even they could not allege injustice in the act. No sane person will contend that the 'junta' can better govern Panama than can the United States. Already there is incipient revolt against the junta. What assurance have we that it can properly perform even the few governmental functions left to it? We have been freely calling the Colombian officials thieves, robbers, highwaymen, what not. Are Panama officials, who were late Colombian citizens, likely to be any better? Ought we, in justice to the inhabitants of the Isthmus, to let the Isthmus be governed by this mushroom Government? Is it good, sound sense to pay over to the revolutionists ten millions of dollars, when it is more than likely to be stolen or squandered? To what citizen of any country should we do a positive injustice were we to assume complete control of the Isthmus of Panama? That is a question worth an answer.

"But beyond all this, it is Manifest Destiny! Is not the Anglo-Saxon race the predestined master of the world? Since, in the dark backward and abysm of time, the reluctant Romans sailed away from British shores, has there been a pause in the world-battle which shall surely end in the triumph of the Northman, the defeat of the Latin? Is not Spain, ancient and decrepit, losing her dominions? Is France a good colonizer? What are the possessions of Italy beyond the Mediterranean? Contrariwise, are not the English dominant in Southern Asia and Africa? Do they not hold Egypt, where Napoleon once conquered? What of Canada? Australia? Has the United States not successively wrested from Latin races, Louisiana, Florida, Texas, California, Porto Rico, Cuba, the Philippines? And shall this world-advance pause at little Panama? When we have swallowed the camel of suzerainty, shall we strain at the further gnat of absolute possession?"

"By Thor and Odin, no! Let the Stars and Stripes wave over Panama. It is our manifest destiny; it is our 'plain duty'!"

What is "Manifest Destiny?" As the "Argonaut" understands it, it is the destiny of the United States to be "it," of the powerful to overcome the weak, of the brazen to put to the blush the modest; it is the triumph of the swarmer and the boast of the swashbuckler. The only crumb of comfort that Canada can get from such an article as the above is that the Monroe doctrine for the moment has been swallowed up by a thought of the unity of the Anglo-Saxon race. Unfortunately, the United States is at any moment liable to declare itself to be what is left of Simon pure Anglo-Saxondom. Surely no self-respecting Canadian with the slightest knowledge of international morals or a tendency towards honesty as either a policy or a virtue, can subscribe to such a hearty hurrah over a piece of trickery which, even by those who approve of it, is found absolutely indefensible.

THE newspapers on the other side of the line and the Societies to Do This and the Associations to Prevent That are busy trying to find a reason for the expulsion of a man named Smoot, of Utah, from a seat in the United States Senate. Even the Labor Unions objected to him, probably on the ground that he has more than his share of wives. As a matter of fact, it does not appear as if Smoot of Utah had more than the legitimate number of Mrs. Smoots, for nobody has yet alleged that Mrs. Smoot is any more numerous than one; in fact, the objection to him appears to be based on the ground that he is theoretically a believer in polygamy, while practically he is a monogamist. Even this is only deduced from the fact that he is a Mormon and that Mormonism sanctions a plurality of wives. Of course if the United States Senate can expel a man for believing in polygamy, though he does not practice it, it would be hard to find a senator who could retain his seat if belief or lack of belief in anything is to be made the basis of expulsion. It seems to be a question whether the Senate will endorse the

stealing of Panama from Colombia, though it is believed that a majority of the Senate will concur in the seizure of the territories to be traversed by the canal. If so, it will be demonstrated that the Senate not only believes in theft, but practices it. No doubt it is the general immorality of people in high places who, while they have but one wife at a time, have the privilege of having a number, one after the other, which has led to the desperate attempt to appear horrified at even the mention of polygamy. Altogether, the position of Mr. Smoot seems to be impregnable, while those who are assailing him are not only attempting to get him out of the Senate, but to overturn the much belated constitution of the Republic, which proscribes that no law shall be made respecting an establishment of religion or the prohibition of individual beliefs.

A PACKAGE containing \$10,000, shipped by registered mail from the Bank of Hamilton at Winnipeg to Vancouver, disappeared a couple of weeks ago, and it appears to have gone for good. Some years ago I wrote as strongly as I knew how with regard to the habit of banks sending large packages of bills by registered mail instead of express for the sake of saving a few dimes in the transaction. Indeed, I came near getting a postal clerk into trouble by describing too minutely the extraordinary way in which these money packages were being sent long distances in such a shape as to tempt the cupidity not only of postal employees, but of those who are aware that large amounts of money are being transmitted without any safe place in which they can be kept. As a postal clerk told me, he had a run of several hundred miles, received the money from the man who pre-

or invisible, tangible or intangible. In figuring out this theory it seems to the ordinary blunt mind that the individual spirit, or essence, or ego, must be an enormously powerful engine or is merely an atom or a fragment of some great energy imprisoned in a material cell which may be described as a human being. Taken altogether the new theory is five or six sizes too large for the ordinary mind to comprehend, and rather than lose one's sanity trying to grasp it, it will be perhaps wiser for us all to be content to use the knowledge we at present possess and follow such simple rules as to eat when we are hungry and go in out of the wet when it rains.

A BOSTON woman in reproving her child said that what the youngster did was not only naughty, but it was worse—vulgar. What the Ontario Government has done with North Renfrew as a particular instance is not only naughty, but vulgar. One can quite readily overlook mistakes which are not a part of a system. Bad form is worse than easy virtue. Take a special instance. The woman who is guilty of bad form may be quite virtuous, but she scandalizes herself and her neighbors, and her husband perhaps. When a person or a Government fails to regard public opinion, when as a matter of fact they either ignore or do not understand the good form of politics, they must get hurt, and the damage to them is greatly in excess of real propriety. In North Renfrew the Ross Government has shown distinct inability to manage political business. For Mr. Ross I have the greatest possible admiration, and I could imagine nothing that I when as a matter of fact they either ignore or do not understand official status to his marvelous eloquence. When, however, he

cal cunning, but seem to be dead, very loose and crackling man who is conspicuous and statesmanlike. Ross is evidently being man to suspect of ingreat to be the victim

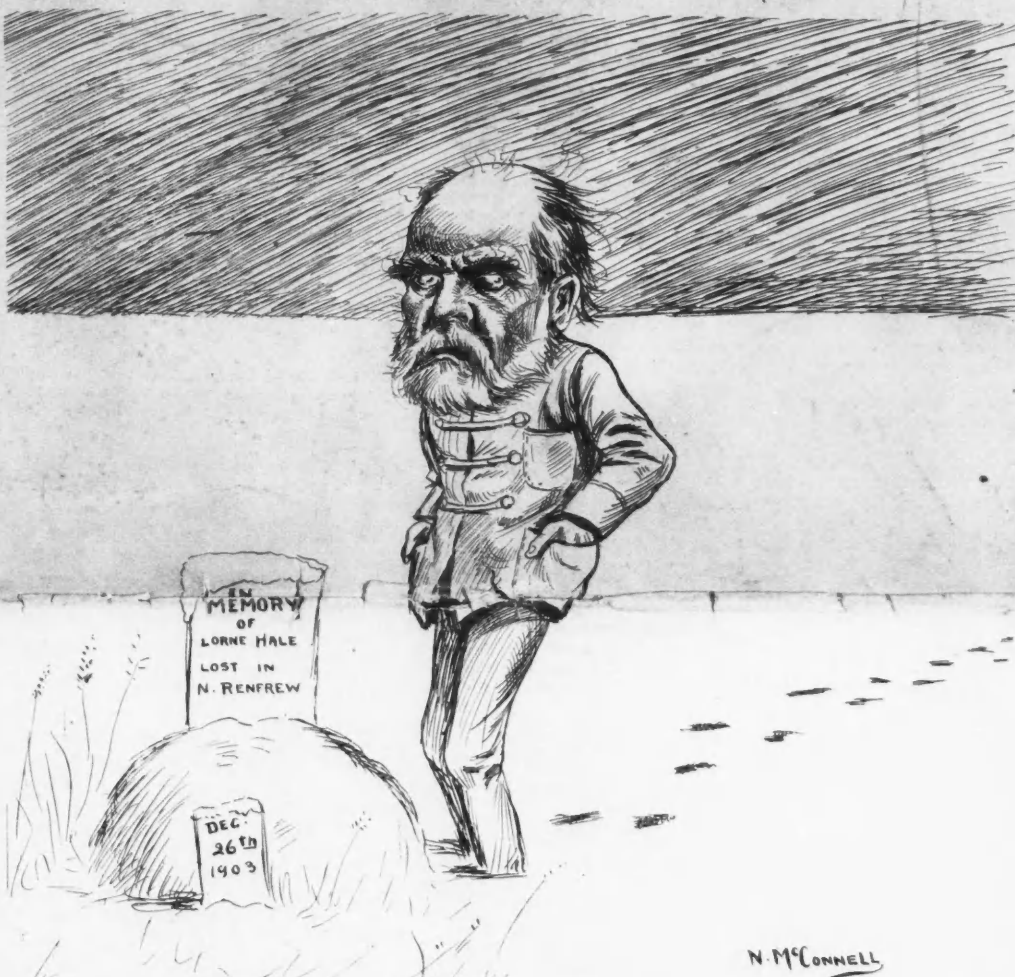
NOTHING could possibly and tend to disbelief in an honorable gentleman, in himself a laughing-stock. It is a pity that once in a while we get a man of this kind into political office. It is a very sad and conspicuous that a man of this kind is made silly thing. The "News" very well said that it was a pity that Mr. Howland was intended to be a candidate. The average elector has been up by being simply silly. Few people imagine that Howland was genuinely a candidate. The average elector has doubt put him aside as a pretentious person who desires to be in the hands of a Tammany clique which was providing means and people for the undoing of this city's prosperity, he would not have been a few seconds late or a few minutes late in filing his certificates of fitness. To have people talk so seriously as Mr. Howland has talked of the wickedness of men in charge of our affairs, and then be so dilatory in putting in an appearance, is to make the whole thing in putting in Mr. Howland has demonstrated himself as an absurdity, and while we all admit that he is a good-looking and cheerful absurdity we would be very much obliged to him if he would keep out of sight.

THE Post-Office Department at Washington about a week ago issued an order denying the use of the United States mails to the Maxim & Gay Co. of New York, who have been doing an extensive business as race-track tipsters. These people advertised in Canada, and as I pointed out some weeks ago, were doing a business which the Canadian authorities should put under the ban. How much money they succeeded in obtaining from the "pigeons" who sent them sums of money from "twenty-five dollars upwards," no one can say. Prosecution was begun against a local newspaper publishing their advertisement, but if any conclusion was arrived at it has escaped my notice. Canadian authorities should be much more strict than they are with regard to permitting such advertising matter to pass through the mails. The United States authorities are much more prompt in shutting down upon these people who operate under the Stars and Stripes than we are in preventing aliens obtaining good money from this side of the line by pretending to do things which, if they were possible of accomplishment, they would work with their own capital and keep the profits. Our mails are loaded down from one end of the year to the other with advertisements carried by alien newspapers and magazines which could be stopped at the national line if a proper censorship of fraudulent advertisements were established.

PROTESTS are appearing in the daily papers against the teaching of typewriting and shorthand in the Public schools. We are threatened with a general call to arms by stenographers of both sexes, who complain that they are being asked to teach a trade which is becoming overcrowded. While quite in sympathy with the large and exceedingly useful class of stenographers and typewriter operators, I cannot see that they have any strong plea to offer for recognition as a special guild. Our Public schools are presumed to prepare the youth of this city for some useful avocation. It would be quite as reasonable to oppose the teaching of penmanship as of typewriting. The fact that typewriting is superseding the old-fashioned method is no reason for denying the Public school pupil an opportunity of learning what is becoming in office use absolutely as great a necessity as arithmetic and spelling. Why should tax-worn parents be forced at considerable expense to send their boys and girls to so-called commercial colleges in order to fit them for the simplest office pursuits, or why should those who have acquired a certain amount of skill spend time and energy in making it more difficult for beginners? I have never known a commercial college or shorthand school to turn out a perfected stenographer and typist, and those who are in the business need not be afraid that the output of the Public schools will be any better. What has been done and will be done in schools consists merely in the furnishing of the pupil with the rudiments of the business, to which must be added many things before the beginner will be at all in competition with the skilled stenographer. Even those who have had the benefit of as good a common school education as can be had in Toronto, very seldom write a sufficiently good hand to be let touch a set of books in a well-regulated office, and certainly none of the Public school output, no matter how long they have studied bookkeeping, can take a situation away from an experienced bookkeeper. The stenographer must add to a knowledge of shorthand a thorough acquaintance with spelling, must acquire many specialties in technical words and phrases, and must have a fairly good knowledge of the general subjects concerning which he or she writes. Many stenographers work for years for very small pay, while others in a few months show such a natural aptitude and develop such skill that they are almost invaluable to an employer. It is evidently quite as absurd for the stenographers to oppose the teaching of their specialties in the schools as it would be to protest against the teaching of reading, writing and arithmetic, which are the necessary elements of an education—but not more necessary than typewriting and stenography are becoming as a part of office work.

Talking of elementary education, I noticed an article by quite a popular writer in one of the evening papers headed, "Whither from Where to?" This phrase was quite plentifully sprinkled through the article, the writer seeming to think he had struck a pretty good thing. "Whither" is supposed to mean "where to" and "whither from" would mean "where to from" and the whole heading would mean "where to from, where to?" It is hardly necessary to say that the idea would have been much better expressed by the two words, "Whence, whither," but it is an example of how experience even fails sometimes to get a thing right.

LAST week "Saturday Night" commented on the contempt in which the Toronto Railway Company and other corporations hold the city of Toronto. On Monday last, as if to furnish conclusive demonstration of the justice of the charge, Mr. Bicknell, counsel for the Railway Company—a good sort of a fellow, personally—in his cross-examination of the City Engineer, fairly excelled himself in the practice of impudence as a high art. One clause of the city's suit against the Company refers, it will be remembered, to the repeated neglect on the part of the defendants to run closed and properly heated cars early enough in the season. Every citizen who has lungs and bronchial tubes knows the effects of patronizing Toronto street cars during October and November. But Mr. Bicknell deprecates the discomfort. "Do you consider it unhealthy to drive in an open carriage in the winter time?" he asks. "You do not mean to say that all people have closed or heated carriages for all purposes in this city after October 1st, do you?" If the situation were not so humiliating, the impertinence of these questions would be highly amusing. What has the healthfulness or the unhealthfulness of driving in open carriages in the winter time to do with the car service? What does the average business man care whether Mr. Bonds-torn wears a fur-lined coat or pyjamas when he makes his New Year's call? Mr. Bonds-torn may suit himself. The fact that most interests the man in the street is that his car-ringer—the street car—is not equipped with the comforts that he pays for. If the Tailors' Union becomes possessed of the idea that a return to a state of nature is desirable in the



Premier Ross—Things don't seem to be coming my way.

ceded him, and handed it over either to another postal clerk or to the mail carrier, who took it to a postoffice. In case of disappearance of money it is largely a question of one postal clerk's word against that of another or against the word of a carrier. The packages I saw were so roughly prepared by the banks sending them that the corners of the bills showing the denominations protruded through the ragged covering. The despatch announcing the loss says, "All the railway mail service men who had the handling of the package claim that the closest investigation will prove that they had no guilty knowledge of the affair." If the money is not found the proof of which the railway men speak will perhaps be only sufficient to keep them from arrest, but not to clear them from a cloud of suspicion. It is unnecessary to go into the details of how these packages are handled; suffice it to say that the receipt given by one clerk to another is sometimes for a bag containing a number of parcels, and frequently of such a character that a valuable package cannot be identified as being at any specified time in the hands of any one man or set of men.

When money is sent by express the system is very different. Safes are provided, some of them, with time locks, which cannot be opened except when the machinery is run down. Others have to be opened by the express messenger and the local agent together. Firearms are provided for the protection of the express messengers and the loss of money is of rare occurrence. This being the case, it seems a very parsimonious practice for banks to send large sums by registered mail, as is their custom, through great stretches of wild country, and it is a matter of wonder that losses are not more frequent. Admittedly nobody has a right to tempt the cupidity of an employee receiving small pay for a hard task, and if possible the post-office authorities should put a stop to such temptations being offered.

IT is being urged by the most advanced philosophers that the something which we all talk about but which none of us understand, the "it," the brain, the life, the energy, the soul, the something the presence of which marks the difference between human life and all other forms of existence, possesses supreme power over matter. When a definition of "matter" is undertaken we again find it impossible to be definite or even intelligible. As you stand speaking to a friend the space between you is not empty; it is filled with matter of some sort invisible to the eye, unresponsive to the touch. When you breathe, you inhale something; when you see, something passes from the eye or comes to it; when you hear, the sound which arrests your attention does not come through vacancy, it is probably a material of itself. When you speak you are probably giving out a material thing of some sort which conveys your thought; when you smell, actual things are in contact with your olfactory nerve. When you walk, your form cleaves through material of some sort. When you die, the mysterious something goes somewhere, and what was formerly identified as yourself takes on a gaseous or other condition which is still described by scientists as Matter. It is all very interesting, particularly that feature of it, that indefinite something which it is now claimed propels or compels all material things either visible

permits his Government to be run in such a slovenly manner that defeat rather than success is the inevitable outcome of his manoeuvres, one really has to sit back and wonder at what is trying to be had.

To leave North Renfrew open for a year and a half with perhaps the basic fear that the riding would be offended at having North Bay rather than Mattawa the terminus of the Temiskaming Railway, was an error of judgment so glaring and made so conspicuous that a schoolboy should have avoided any such error. North Renfrew neither took offence at the terminus of the Government railway nor at being disfranchised for so long a period. Like every other community, it had very little regard for its proprietary claims on a franchise or anything else. Communities are too apt to forget the value of having a voice in the Legislature or being made the principal spot of a Government railway venture.

It is easy to forgive a Government for being beaten in a rural community where personal popularity means so much, but it is not easy to overlook the lack of sense which made success impossible. From the very beginning Dunlop, the conservative, was a stronger candidate than Hale, the Liberal. Dunlop looked after his personal interests by meeting everybody in the riding. Hale left his Liberal affairs to outsiders. That Hale was beaten is not hard guessing. That the Liberal Government should run things that way is evidence of a lack of sense which nobody can excuse.

The difficulties in organizing a riding where personality means so much as in North Renfrew must be admitted. That men who claim to be politicians and think they have the whole province in their grasp cannot do any better than was done on Saturday, must necessarily diminish public confidence in their ability. Hon. Mr. Latchford, who lives in that locality and is the representative of the Irish Roman Catholic element in Ontario, is distinctly discredited. His district has gone sour. He has been able to do nothing for the Government, and if you ask me I think the Irish Roman Catholic element has been a source of weakness rather than strength to Mr. Ross, not only in that lay-out but all over the province. A representative of the same element was appointed in that district on the Temiskaming Railway Commission, with an idea that North Renfrew would be kept sweet for the Government. He has been an absolute failure, and it looks as if the whole Government was more or less of a failure at playing the political game. Politics is a lively game, and Mr. Ross has never done a worse thing for himself than to demonstrate the fact that he cannot play it. Mr. Whitney and the crowd behind him have not shown any ability to do what their opponents have been unable to do. Mr. Gagey has been presented to the public as the darling of the Conservative party. His unfitness to occupy any such place needs no demonstration. I imagine that the average man would refuse, knowing his record, to sit in the same room with Mr. Gagey. That he has been put in front and made a type of the Ontario Conservative is to make the party distinctly an organization which one would naturally refuse to belong to. In the old times to be a Tory was to be respectable; nowadays it seems as if to be a Tory was to be made disreputable with the companionship of Gagey and Callaghans et al. Hon. Mr. Mowat was the highest type of politi-

all beaten. Such pies, and such
"should make W. P. the happiest

ending some time with her daughter,
general at Folkestone. Mrs. Turner
in-law are also there. All are well,
rather awful. I believe Mrs. Turner
in a house in Winchester and will re-
At the Hall, the usual pleasant
parents and children is gathered. Mr.
home for the holidays. Mr. Harold
engineers' dance and assures me it will be
delightful. Many have marked off the even-
15th to attend it. Invitations have been sent
to the members of the 13th and the new Highland regiment in
Hamilton.

Mr. and Mrs. Henry Cavthra, who never forget, send kind
holiday greetings from the Imperial Hotel in Bournemouth to their
Toronto friends.

Talking of the Engineers' dance reminds me that at their
first dance a late arrival was Mrs. G. W. Ross, who had been
at a State dinner, and came on, though far from well, "just
to let the boys see I don't forget," she said, in her hearty,
motherly way. With her was Andrew Pattullo, and I drove
down with them to the Osgoode dance (the famous "frost"
of a few seasons ago), after a few moments of kindly greet-
ing at the Gym. Mrs. Ross had always a surplus of love over
from her only cherished son, which blessed many a young chap
who came under her sweet influence.

Senator and Mrs. George A. Cox spent New Year's day in
Peterboro' with their daughter, Mrs. A. L. Davis.

Mrs. McIntyre of 46 Glen road will receive on the first and
second Mondays of January, February and March.

The usual New Year's afternoon reception was announced
for Thursday at Government House from four to half-past six
o'clock.

Mr. Allen Magee, A.D.C., spent Christmas with his people
in London and returned to Toronto on New Year's eve. Mr.
Magee has been a busy young man the last few weeks, his
Christmas examinations and his official duties being enough
to completely fill his time. I understand that there is, how-
ever, no foundation for the rumor that he is to resign the
latter, as has been stated persistently in some quarters.

Mrs. Walter S. Lee, her daughter and grand-daughter, Mrs.
and Miss Selwyn, left this week for England. Mrs. Selwyn
and baby will go on to India to join Major Selwyn, and Mrs.
Lee, I understand, will return in due time to Toronto. Mrs.
Lee has rented her house, 64 Madison avenue, furnished, to
Mr. and Mrs. McNutt of the C.P.R., who recently came
west from the Maritime Provinces. Mr. McNutt is a
connection of Sir Louis Davies, and a Prince Edward Islander,
I believe.

A correspondent writes: "A short time ago at the residence
of Mrs. William Goldstein, 30 Wilton crescent, three bright
little girls named Irene and Ethel Goldstein and Mabel Block,
having a desire to benefit some little children not as comfort-
able as themselves, gave a bazaar which proved very success-
ful indeed, and resulted in the sum of \$69. This amount was
equally divided, half going to the Home for Incurable Chil-
dren and half to the Children's Aid Society of Toronto. The
cheque for the Children's Aid Society was brought by the kind-
hearted benefactors themselves, and it is needless to say that
the benevolent instincts which led them to give the bazaar
were delighted with what was seen at the Society's Shelter
and office."

Mrs. Mortimer Clark will receive on Thursday of next week
at Government House.

One of the few holiday teas this week was given by Mrs.
Mark Scanlon and her daughter, Mrs. Lee, at Mrs. Scanlon's
residence, 80 Bloor street west. Mr. and Mrs. Lee have been
living with Mrs. Scanlon this season, but are, I hear, to be
back in their own home very shortly. The hostesses received
at the entrance to the drawing-room, and the guests passed
verandah to the dining-room, where a glowing tea-table cen-
tered with a forest of deep crimson roses and lit with deep red
shaded candles, the whole touched with the rich green of
Christmas wreaths, was waited upon by a bouquet of
beauties, among whom Mrs. R. J. Christie shone supreme. This
very lovely young matron, who has never conjugated the verb
"exploiter," and consequently is always a new pleasure to
her friends, wore a soft crepe de soie of white figured with
black and a very smart cape collar of dotted net, made on ropes
of shirred net. Mrs. Morrice, Mrs. Harry Beatty (Mrs. Chris-
tie's pretty sister), Mrs. Scanlon, Mrs. McLean and Mrs. Ross
Gooderham were the assistants at this tea, where men were
"taboo." A fairy mite, Mrs. Lee's little daughter, hugging her
best doll, stood beside her grandmother, meeting the draughts
from the open hall door with perfect indifference and scan-
ning the beautiful gowns and accepting the many endearments
"as to the manner born." It was a very jolly tea, and some
sweet music from the cleverest and best of our harpists and
his men floated down the stairway from time to time. A very
few of the guests were Mrs. Britton, Mrs. Jerrold Ball, Mrs.
Ellis, Mrs. McIntyre, Mrs. Bruce, Mrs. Jack Brodie, Mrs. Mac-
Intyre of the Presbyterian Ladies' College, Mrs. Sterling Dean,
Mrs. Maurice Taylor, Miss Taylor of Florshelm.

Miss Lillian Lee had a fall one day lately and injured her
arm, suffering a good deal of pain, until consulting a physician
she was told that a fractured bone needed looking after. So,
for holiday time, the pretty little dark-eyed lady has her in-
jured member in a sling.

One of the big cadets who always added a touch of extra
brightness to his home at Christmas was not here for the festi-
vities this year. Dr. Tyrrell's fine young son is now at
Chatham Barracks, in Kent, England.

Mrs. Paul Krell cabled holiday greetings from Paris, where
she was eating her Christmas dinner, en route to Cairo.

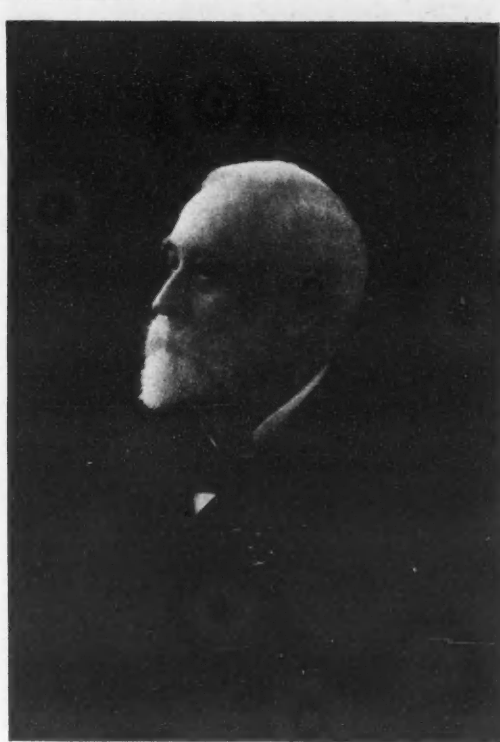
I was very much shocked and grieved to read the news of
the tragic death of my good friend, Andrew Pattullo, in Lon-
don, England. Mr. Pattullo was one of the silent men whose
silence meant so much to those who knew him, and who, when
he was known, was "rarely liked and dearly prized." We
never met without a sly quip, a good story, and a hearty
chuckle being exchanged, nor was there a man in Canada whose
good word and friendship was better worth having. That, in
some moment of depression and overstrain, he went away un-
summoned is a curious coincidence with a paragraph which I
have written on another page. Peace to his honest soul for
he was a man to be honored.

Mr. and Mrs. Frank A. Brown of New York are holiday
guests of Mr. and Mrs. Lennox, Elm Grove.

Mr. and Mrs. Clifford Walker are stopping at the High-
lands, Lexington avenue, New York. They left Toronto im-
mediately after the announcement of their marriage in Buffalo
on December 13. Mrs. Walker, formerly Miss Irene Somers-
ville of Atherley, gave her friends no opportunity to bestow
the usual caudex de noce or good wishes.

The last day of the week of luncheons and teas given by the
Toronto chapters and individual members of the Daughters of
the Empire was a record breaker. Two charming and beautiful
young Jewish matrons, both daughters of well-known finan-
ciers in old London, were the chaperones, and took unusual
pains to make their day worthy of its predecessors, in which
they amply succeeded, almost everyone I have heard mention
it being profuse in their praise. Christmas holly decorated
the tables, and the beauties who tempted the no wise lagging
appetites of their patrons with the sweet and wholesome fare
provided so nicely at all the luncheons, wore sprays of holly.
Mrs. Frank Benjamin and Mrs. Sigmund Samuel are true
daughters of the Empire, English born, and the Order in To-
ronto is particularly proud of the success of their "day." I
have been asking the ladies how much money they cleared
for the week, and find it may be very near the thousand dollar
mark.

Children's parties are the chief social engagements of pater
and mater on holiday nights. A very charming young folks'
reunion was given by Mr. and Mrs. Alfred Wright at their
home in Rosedale on Christmas eve. Mr. Wright's three fine
elder sons were home for their vacation, hence the party. By
the way, it is good news to many friends of Rev. Frank Ken-
nedy (brother of Mrs. Orlando Heron and of the first Mrs.



A Teacher of The Old School.

Hundreds of the old boys of Upper Canada College will
grieve to learn of the sudden death last Saturday of Pro-
fessor George Belton Sparling, who for thirty years was
mathematical master in that institution. After Dr. Parkin's
departure, Professor Sparling acted as principal until the
arrival of Dr. Auden. He was universally respected for his
ability as instructor and loved for his gentle, manly char-
acter.

Alfred Wright, who was Katie Kennedy's, to hear that he was
not the victim of the murderous attentions of some of the
natives in his far missionary travels. From the description
sent of that unfortunate, it was feared it might be Mr. Ken-
nedy, but letters of later date have dispelled that fear.

Colonel and Mrs. Bruce gave a pleasant Christmas dinner
at their home in Bleeker street. Colonel and Mrs. H. M.
Bellatt and their son held, as usual, their places at Mr. Pel-
lat's Christmas dinner at his home in Sherbourne street.
Rev. Mr. Blackstock and Mrs. Blackstock, who took Carlton
Lodge from Mrs. Joseph Macdougall, had a family party for
Christmas day, of which they are the idols, as such a rarely
fine old couple deserve to be.

I have received rather a cheeky little note from a person
regarding a notice sent in last week. The notice in question
I rescued from a muddle of bad English, worse spelling and
generally quaint significance, and did my level best to put into
concise and lucid sentences. I am asked if I think myself
smart. Well, I do, rather, and if I could find the original it
would be good fun to put it side by side with what did appear
and leave the readers to reject the less sensible. Some
screamers do meet my vision now and then, but we have a
love of clarity and sanity on this paper.

The eighteen debutantes who dined at the King Edward
last Saturday night with two married friends had a very jolly
time, and made their own fun in the charming way of fresh
young ones. The girls in their first season. At the very last
severe cold, which on that zero night did not permit of her
venturing out. Mrs. Dickson Patterson took her place at the
dinner, as the most intimate friend of the hostess, and the
girls had the pleasure of meeting an Englishwoman of rare
talent and charm. The round table was done in white carna-
tions, narcissi and ferns, in a crystal centerpiece, and on the
reverse of each place card was found by the debutantes the
name of a man, who was to be the partner in the game of
cards in the banquet hall which was arranged after the little
feast. Four prizes were competed for, and won with a good
deal of merriment. Mr. Pigott, one of the guests, then sang
and recited most delightfully to a very appreciative levy who
gathered round the grand piano in the beautiful and luxurious
corridor. The orchestra below struck up a two-step and quick
as thought the rugs in the banquet hall were rolled up and
the young folks were dancing. When the orchestra stopped
Miss Charlotte Phillips, who plays perfect dance music, sat
down to the piano and the impromptu dance went on. It was
all very jolly, as the fathers and brothers remarked when they
came in good time for the debutantes, and most of all enjoyed
by the chaperones, who are very fond of "les jeunes filles."
There are still half a dozen more girls coming out this season.
I hear—one or two next week.

The Argonauts' dance in the Temple Building next Friday
night promises to be "a corker," as Pawtucket would express
it. The invitations are quite impressively smart, with a band
of the famous light and dark blue diagonally across them, and
the equally famous "Pull together" and quaint old vessel in
the corner. "Bob" McKay and "Jim" Merrick are president
and secretary-treasurer, and the dance is under one of the dis-
tinguished patronage of Mrs. Mortimer Clark, Lady Kirkpatrick
of Closeburn, Mrs. Percy Galt, Mrs. Sweeney of Rohallion, Mrs.
Hammond, Mrs. Barker, Mrs. Falconbridge, Mrs. Walter Beard-
more, Mrs. H. Campbell Osborne, Mrs. Boulton, Mrs. Nord-
heimer of Gleneddy, Mrs. Victor Cawthra, Mrs. J. I. David-
son and Mrs. Mackenzie of Benvenuto. The hour named on
the cards is nine o'clock, by which time it will be unusual if
an Argonaut is missing.

The "Thirteenth" of Hamilton gave a dance in the drill
hall on December 30th, too late for mention in this mention,
but it was sure to be a great affair. Why don't the Grenadi-
ers, or the Q.O.R., or the Kitties give us some sort of a regi-
mental dance here this season? One would think the pall of
Colenso still hung over the soldiers since that blue evening in
the old Pavilion when the disastrous news from South Africa
put us all "on the limp," as a certain perfect waltzer aptly
remarked.

"It's because the Colonel isn't a married man," said a wo-
man. "We've not and a bachelor Colonel of Grenadiers ever
since I can remember, until now. Do you suppose a Mrs.
Colonel would not have had those assemblies on time, if only
to dance with His Honor?" Now there was a very smart
bachelor Colonel of Grenadiers less than a score of years ago,
and under his rule was given the most utterly splendid ball
of which the Grenadiers ever have been accused, on Febru-
ary 17th, 1887, in the time-honored Pavilion, and Colonel Gra-
sett was still in lonely blessedness (?) at that time, though
he had splendid help in arranging the ball from the first lady
of the regiment, wife of the senior major. The officers sold no
tickets, paid all the expenses and the ball is so far their re-
cord. Without emulation life has little interest, and I hope
the glorious example of his bachelor predecessor will inspire
Colonel Stimson, for if it doesn't, well, someone will have to
marry him for love of the dancing set.

Miss St. John of Buffalo has been a holiday guest of Mrs.
Herbert Jarvis, formerly of Buffalo, and on Tuesday Mrs.
Jarvis gave a telephone tea in her honor. Mrs. Hutchins,
mother of the hostess, and Mrs. Boyd and Miss Jarvis, her
sisters-in-law, were in charge of the pretty tea-table, glowing
with Christmas decorations and good cheer. Miss Hamilton
and Miss Stevens also assisted.

Mrs. Greville-Harston is having some of her older matron
friends to tea next Friday afternoon. They are all glad to see
Mrs. Greville-Harston able to entertain a bit, however quietly,
after her long and wearisome seclusion through illness. The
bright presence of Miss May Harston is sure to do her aunt
very much good.

Mrs. J. A. Tuck (nee Notman) receives for the first time
since her marriage at her new home, 604 Bathurst street, next
Thursday and Friday afternoons, January 7th and 8th.
Mr. and Miss Austin of "Spadina" sailed for England this
week.

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NEW FALL GOODS

Tweeds and Cloths for Tailor-Made Suits. Fancy Dress
Materials for Afternoon, Dinner and Reception Gowns.

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Hats and Bonnets.

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true and uniform and when laid is the most per-
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Mayor of
published in the
men's famous pool-
says Mr. Raney,
"I will resign
qualified to fill it."
"I am resigning."
candidates for the last
might have created
in view of the fact that
so hackneyed, little im-
this latest undertaking. Mr.
with a large A. He is opposed
possibly in this way the Arctic zone has appeared to be a
part of our inheritance. The delimitation of our Pacific
boundary appears to have awakened a doubt as to whether
Canada has any claim to anything that is not outlined by a
fence. It is rather painful to have to sit and listen in silence
to our Yankee neighbors claiming Hudson Bay because they
have been pirating its waters for many years. It seems very
much like my old friend's definition of Montana that he
said that horse stealing had got so prevalent in Montana that
it began to be regarded as a legitimate business. Horse steal-
ing and whale stealing and canal stealing and the stealing of
islands and sugar plantations and banana groves has got to be
so largely an element of United States politics that we must
be very careful in leaving even the most frozen region unpro-
tected. If we are to have anything left after an argument
with the United States we must have things as carefully
labelled as baggage which is going through to Russia.

TIBET is centralizing the attention of British Imperialists.
Presenting as it does a boundary facing on India and a
possible highway for Russia, the land of mystery and
religious exclusiveness becomes an important feature. Per-
haps no part of the world is less known than this wintry
clime where lakes and woods wear such strange hues. All of
us who recall the geography lessons of youth know some-
thing about the Grand Lama who lives in some strange con-
vent in the interior of Tibet and holds the life and fortunes of
every subject in his hand. Supposedly tributary to China,
Tibet is an independent something which appears to have been
dropped down in the system of creation with a place of its
own. Strangers are not admitted; outsiders are supposed to
be killed if they even ask the way to the grand monastery of
the chief push of a sort of religion that nobody understands.
Great Britain and India, these strange propositions for Asi-
atic ascendancy are interesting, and the world will probably
understand the ambitions of Great Britain and Russia more
fully a few years hence. The one proposition that I have
never yet been able to comprehend is the British and Russian
compulsion of China to disgorge its population. When that
is done the whole world will be submerged by the little yellow
people. Political schemes and ambitions seem to ignore this
great factor in the possible degeneration of mankind.

THE following letter, addressed to Mr. Duncan, who is a
candidate for the Board of Education, explains itself:
"Wonderers, they say, will never cease. Saturday
when in town I learned you were out for one of the joint
superintendency of 'Lickens and Lessons.'"
"As I hope soon to live in town, I shall have to send all
our little boys and girls to school, so I may express just a
wish or two in the matter. When you get in, see that there
is more education. There ought to be more home work—
say eight or nine hours' study, particularly for those under ten
or twelve. My boys ought in addition to the obsolete three
R's to learn German, Spanish, Norse, French, Arabic and Hin-
dustani. Of course in the higher schools I shall expect them
to become familiar with Sanscrit, Japanese and the various
dialects of China. In the common schools they will, of
course, have to become quite familiar with a few of the
'ologies,' say just theology, ethnology, biology, and only one
or two more. Religion in the schools must not be neglected.
Necessarily they must know the longer and shorter catech-
isms, the forty-nine articles, the Westminster Confession of
Faith, and all the creeds (I don't estimate them) by heart,
with 'all such other things as a Christian ought to know and
believe for his soul's health.'"
"My girls' education must be simpler—three R's including
use of the globes, trigonometry, astronomy and astrology—
dancing of all kinds, high kicking barred; nursing, wet and
dry; care of infants, music in all its branches, Welsh harp,
Jews' harp of course, no pianos, but drums, major, minor or
kettle instead; tatting, embroidery, painting on plates, tins,
or stove lids, and all other needful accomplishments."

"See that all corporal punishment is abolished; it brutal-
izes the teachers and does little good to the scholars. It may
make a dull pupil smart, but the smartness does not get into
the head. Get a school thrashing machine at some central
place for the would-be incorrigibles, and until such a machine
as snits is brought out, hire F. S. Spence for the job."

Social and Personal.

A very much welcomed visitor whom I saw at one of the
"Empire" luncheons was Mr. Fred Campbell of Sherbrooke,
who was greeted with great pleasure by many old Toronto
friends. He is looking in fine shape and as an advertisement for
a matrimonial agency his happy good spirits would be a great
inducement. Miss Blaikie, one of the smartest waitresses
at the luncheons, went down to Sherbrooke for a short visit,
where I hear jolly house party is on. Mr. and Mrs.
George Blaikie of Rosedale have Mr. and Mrs. Coates of
Ottawa, parents of Mrs. Blaikie and Mrs. Fred Campbell, up
on a visit here.

Miss Dickson is on her way from England to visit her sis-
ter, Mrs. Wylie Grier.

A nice Christmas gift of the good stork, who sometimes
puts old Santa out of business, was a little son and heir to
Mr. and Mrs. Bowen in England. Mrs. Osler of Craigleigh has
been visiting her daughter and welcomed the grandson who
arrived on the holy day.

The Engineers, smart and saucy, are having the "only"
military dance of the year. "Up and at them," Grenadiers.

On Monday evening a very merry reunion was given to a
few congenial friends by Mr. and Mrs. Robert Smith in honor
of Mr. Burns, who was passing through Toronto. I am told
the fun was of the Scottish flavor, and that's ill to beat. The
dances were of the "real" sort (no pun intended), schottisches
and reels being done in the style only possible to the Scot
himself. It was a jolly impromptu for a jolly guest.

How many mince pies have you eaten? There are pies and
pies and pizen pies, but for real, first-class, eatable and com-
fortable mince pies, there is a little woman out on the King-

An Old-Time New Year in Scotch Canada.

BY JOHN STUART BUCHAN.

"A GUDE New Year tae ye, Sandy, an' tae the gude wife an' the bairns."

"An' mony a nee to yer self, Jamie, but, man, ye'er gied, the new year's na two meenies' auld."

Jamie Soutar lived at the extreme end of a long, straggling settlement which extended for about three miles through what in the early fifties was a part of the Canadian backwoods. Jamie and a number of his neighbors had left their homes in Scotland to make their way in the new world; and with others on the same errand bent, with whom they had ample time to become well acquainted on the emigrant ship during the long voyage of over three months between Greenock and Quebec, they had gone into the wilderness, each "taking" one of the regulation lots of land, or, more fortunate than others, some being able to purchase one or more lots with their improvements, from some earlier settler whose courage had failed him.

They had but little experience to help them; they knew nothing of either woodcraft or farming; they endured privations which now would be deemed impossible even in the wildest parts of the country; but they persevered with a steady cheerfulness, and each year saw the little clearing at the side of the strip of corduroy which did duty as a highway grow larger, their log-built houses more comfortable, and their lot more endurable.

But while they were thus engaged in a fierce struggle, almost for existence, they never forgot the land they had left behind them; it was still "home" to them, and remained so to generations of their descendants. They had brought with them the beliefs, the superstitions, and the customs, some of them good and some otherwise, of the Old Country. Still, it may well be the case that these things, however objectionable they may appear to us in these days, helped them in no small measure to continue the struggle in the face of almost insuperable difficulties.

Of the customs, which doubtless helped to interrupt the hardship and monotony of existence, none was looked forward to with more lively anticipation or furnished a more interesting subject for discussion after the event, than those which entered about the New Year. Work and anxiety and care were for the time forgotten, and they gave themselves up to the enjoyment of the festive season. Perhaps not always so wisely, but with the hardships and discouragements of their lot, now and then, we may well, when we look upon this part of their experience, say with Scotland's poet:

"One point must still be gaurdly dark
Hosts far, perhaps, they'd gaurd."

The New Year's celebration began with the stroke of twelve, and as midnight found Jamie Soutar wishing "a gude New Year" to his next neighbor, Sandy McDonald, we cannot do better than follow them and gain a picture of the manner in which they celebrated the festive season.

Jamie was provided with a substantial bottle of whiskey, and his good wishes for his neighbor were sealed by a liberal taste of it. This fortified Jamie and Sandy, who was similarly munitioned, set out for the house of Dugald McTavish, their next neighbor.

Dugald was a Highlander, full of Celtic fire, and already partially full of whiskey, when Jamie and Sandy entered the house without the ceremony of knocking at the door. They were Lowland and very deliberate, but Dugald's welcome was "Heelan' an' hearty," and given before they had crossed the threshold. "It's Channie an' Sanny, an' v'er fery welcome. Oh, yes, an' it's a New Year, an' she must press a whuskey. Na, na, she'll no use her pottle, for she'll be haffin' need for her, for she will be gaein' tae Tam Anderson, an' Tam, her whuskey's no sae gude but ye'll be wantin' what's better."

And Dugald insisted on supplying the refreshments out of his own store, for if he was not altogether as prosperous as some of his neighbors, it was universally admitted that the fault for the greater part lay in his generous hospitality and readiness to help his friends, who, it is needless to say, were many.

But the occasion must be properly celebrated, and so, accompanied by Dugald, who had furnished himself with a double supply of "usquabae tae mak up for Tam Anderson," as he explained, they went on their way to the next neighbor, where much the same greetings were exchanged, and refreshments partaken of; then onward to the next, accompanied in each case by the last, until at the end of the settlement they reached "the big house," where dwelt Tam Anderson.

Tam was not a favorite. He was small of stature, with what his neighbors described as a "weasened" face, and an eager, restless manner which led some of these same neighbors to compare him to a cat, crawling hither and thither trying to pick up something of value. Tam had lived, up to the last year, in the worst house in the settlement, and his miserly instincts not only stood in the way of doing his neighbors a good turn when the opportunity offered, but led him to keep even his own family on a very short allowance of the ordinary comforts of life. Four years

before this particular New Year a young Englishman bought the land adjoining Tam Anderson's farm. He was possessed of some money, but no experience. At great expense he cleared away the forest and built a large stone dwelling, which he furnished throughout in a manner that would have been considered luxurious even in the Old Country. Two years later, with his resources exhausted, he was glad to sell it, with all the furnishings, to Tam Anderson for a tithe of its value.

Tam was a vain man, and his ambition was now to be looked upon by his neighbors as the "bailie," or the acknowledged head of the settlement, but his miserly instincts, through which he fell even to the depth of watering the whiskey which he offered them, a capital offence in Dugald's eyes, earned for him their contempt and even ill-will.

But New Year's "of the men folk" of the settlement were gathered in the "big house," about five o'clock of the New Year's morning.

Tam Anderson, arrayed in his Sunday "blacks," was seated in a capacious armchair when his visitors arrived. On the table before him were some of the delectables which in the days of the unfortunate Englishman, were filled with costly wines, but now contained a modicum of whiskey and a great deal of water. Being the first New Year since he had come into possession of the "big house," he had it in his mind to make the occasion the starting point in the new relations he proposed to establish between himself and his neighbors. Rising from his chair somewhat unsteadily, for he had partaken during the night of a private supply of whiskey which contained much less water than that provided for his neighbors, he began a set speech which had cost him a great deal of thought.

"Ma freens," he began, "it's verra kind o' ye tae come in to show yer respect an' yer appreciation o' my position."

"Hoot, awa wi' yer haven't," cried Jamie Soutar; "it's the New Year, an' let's ha'e a drappie on it."

So Tam's speech was cut short, and he proceeded to treat his guests to the diluted refreshments, which, however, met with small favor.

"She'd be thinkin' it was a fery gude party to ha'e tae drink so fery much watter, for tae liddle whuskey tae 'ass in it," was Dugald's comment when they had tasted of it, and to take away the ill taste it was unanimously voted that they try some of their own providing.

Tam made divers attempts to get off his speech, but without avail, and with each interruption there was a fresh recourse to the supply of whiskey. At nine o'clock of that New Year's morning Tam Anderson was seated in his big gold McTavish was dancing the "reel" and Jamie Soutar was challenging "a lass in it," was Dugald's comment when they had tasted of it, and to take away the ill taste it was unanimously voted that they try some of their own providing.

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ed round him quite rudely. John thought at first that it was only his barons' enthusiastic desire to give him a cordial welcome, until he found that his watch and chain and his diamond scarf-pin had got mislaid in the scuffle.

John tried several ways of escaping the signing of the Charter. At first he said he had hit his thumb with the hammer while hanging up framed texts in the bedroom at home, and therefore couldn't hold a pen. When he found that didn't go down he tried to stand on his dignity. In order to convince the barons that he didn't care twopenny for the lot of them he put his hands in his pockets and kicked his dog in the stomach. Neither of these brilliant schemes worked, however. One of the barons pushed John from behind, while Fitz-Walter, the Pride of Bermondsey, bumped quite rudely into the King, and then apologized by saying that he had tripped up over himself accidentally.

After a lot of hard words had passed on both sides, the barons gave John to understand definitely that if he didn't sign the thing there would be a rather untidy scene. Seeing that he was cornered, John said a naughty word, and signed on, and thus gave us the priceless liberties which our forefathers paid to maintain.

As soon as John returned to London, his first business was to try and get a bit of his own back, as the poet has so beautifully expressed it. Agents were sent to the Continent to hire mercenaries, who were offered an engagement for two months certain, with the usual extra for matinees. In this way John collected quite an army, and he chased his barons up to Scotland, and on the way there he burnt all the villages and haystacks he came across. Some of the inhabitants as they were being suspended by the heels over slow fires, were quite surprised to learn that all this red trouble was the first result of the Great Charter for securing to the people of England their priceless liberty. Many of them said at the time that they would rather be without the Charter, and scoop in what liberty they could for themselves with a pitchfork or a pole-axe as they used to in the old days.

While John was rushing about the kingdom, it happened that he had to cross the Wash, in Lincolnshire. During the crossing the tide reared up on its hind legs and went for the transport ships and upset everything. John and his second wife escaped by wading ashore, but all their trunks and brown-paper parcels containing the crown jewels and the week's housekeeping money were swept away into the cold and soothing sea. This loss upset John so much that he turned into the nearest convent and cried like a child. A few days after that he got feverish and died, and the historians are not quite sure whether he passed away in consequence of grief or whether somebody poisoned him. Still, it is well known that grief seldom kills, whereas poison gets there every time when it is administered by an expert. And somebody may have hit upon the idea that it was about time this burning and killing was brought up with a jerk. Hence the rather abrupt end to John—"Pick-Me-Up."

From Skiff to Flat.

ALL the way from the East the singing wives tinkle as they tell us that "Mr. Alfred G. Vanderbilt and his wife are about to take up their residence in a New York flat." At first the news comes upon us with something of a shock. A Vanderbilt in a flat! But, on reflection, why not? The first of the Vanderbilts—Cornelius, of that ilk—lived in an abode far inferior to a flat; that Cornelius who for a modest fee used to carry passengers from New York to Staten Island in a skiff sculled by his good right arm. But times have changed since then. Like the haughty prince of the elder times in France who said, "Roy ne puis, prince je daigne, Roman suis," so Cornelius's son may say, "Noble, nit; Astor, not; Vanderbilt I am." From the Vanderbilt flat to the Vanderbilt flat is the name of three New York generations. "Flat" was so much more than the word "French Flats," excited much curiosity there as to what the term might mean; hence for a long time that phrase, "French Flats," was applied to what are now denominated by the shorter term.

Your Briton, by the way, is not utterly unused to the idea of living in flats or apartments. In his youth the average heather he used to carry passengers from New York to Staten Island in a skiff sculled by his good right arm. But times have changed since then. Like the haughty prince of the elder times in France who said, "Roy ne puis, prince je daigne, Roman suis," so Cornelius's son may say, "Noble, nit; Astor, not; Vanderbilt I am." From the Vanderbilt flat to the Vanderbilt flat is the name of three New York generations. "Flat" was so much more than the word "French Flats," excited much curiosity there as to what the term might mean; hence for a long time that phrase, "French Flats," was applied to what are now denominated by the shorter term.

These people hope not to grow old and decrepit, but to arrest the depositing of salts in the tissues, and to keep the blood and the eyes and the brain as full of fire and ginger throughout long centuries as in childhood.

But alas! One of the high priests of the new cult is growing perceptibly bald from too many years, and has taken to wearing spectacles, while the heads of two others I know of are getting whiter and their faces fuller of wrinkles from year to year.

Remorseless old Father Time seems to be sowing and reaping with them just the same as with mortals of common clay; but does that dampen the enthusiasm of these belated "Immortals"? Not a bit of it. They are as cheerful, while tottering forward into the arms of the grim Reaper (whom they confidently expect to dodge) as though the clocks of their lives differed from the timepieces of all other animated beings, and were actually running backward!

There are two objections to Immortality of the Flesh, which, one would suppose, might impress the reason of the followers of the new cult. Firstly, of all the countless billions of human beings who have been born to earth since the days of the Cave Man (some of them men of marvellous wisdom, insight and will power, and most of them just as much afraid to die as the members of the new cult are), not one has acquired "immortality of the body."

It would, to a man up to a syamore, seem reasonable to suppose that if the thing were possible it would have been done already, now and then. But none of us has had the felicity of shaking hands with any elderly gentleman who has brought the same old body down from the olden days of the hairy mammoth and the sabertoothed tiger.

Secondly, it is undesirable. No newly would it, in the course of the ages, overpopulate the earth with a lot of woody old patriarchs and patriarchesses (unless child-murder became more fashionable).

There are very few cleansing operations in which Sunlight Soap cannot be used to advantage. It makes the home bright and clean.

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able than it is at present), but the deadly monotony of living out a whole string of millennia on this little molehill of an earth, with all the rest of the majestic star-worlds still unexplored, would fill progressive people with such ennui that they would be tempted to commit hari-kari to escape its treadmill horrors.

Fear of the future poisons the present. And this same borrowed fear is the father of every religious system that ever dominated a people since the dawn of time. There is no wise fear. It is all wrapped in the cloak of ignorance, and men need not be expected to step out from under its dark folds until the world is as old as the moon. But those who hold to the faith that they can forever keep their bodies from dying tell us that their present is not poisoned; that, on the contrary, they must keep cheerful and healthy or lose their grip on their precious bones and muscles. Good, but meantime Reason seems to be taking a back seat, and other trouble waits just around the corner. Death and the fear of death will freeze their precious blood my pronto, as the Spaniards say, and their disillusionment then will be poison enough for one life.

But, after all, those who attempt to attain Physical Immortality are doing themselves a great service, which goes far to offset the jolt they are giving to their reason. In order that they may keep their physical machinery in good running order until the trump of Gabriel or the wheels of some passing street car summon them elsewhere, they recognize the necessity of taking physical culture, of abandoning worry, of bathing and eating the right kind of food. The law of compensation operates throughout all nature and in all the absurd creeds and fads of men; and so here is where the law of compensation gets in its excellent work. The good people who are grasping after the moon in the shape of eternal flesh-and-blood life will at least, through this regimen, have sounder bodies and more cheerful dispositions; so let's smile, and thank our friends, the crank bell-wethers, for this large service to mankind.—Grant Wallace in San Francisco Bulletin.

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CEYLON tea that no other possesses. Black, Mixed or Natural Green.

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invites inspection of her importations
of White China for decorative
purposes.

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Buttons, Studs,
Brooches, Buckles

and other novelties and mountings for
same.

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ployees of all concerns—banks, telephone,
telegraph and secret societies of all descrip-
tions. Write for particulars.

The London Guarantee and Accident Co.
LIMITED
D. W. Alexander, General Manager for Canada,
Canada Life Building, Toronto

Then the car starts, and the scene of
carnage begins.

There are no cars anywhere that jerk
as some of the New York electric lines
do. The first jump sends the newcomer
violently forward. She caroms against
the woman who has a nickel in her
mouth, and the woman gives a cry of
anguish, and the nickel falls on the floor
under a dozen skirts, where no one can
ever find it. The car gives a second
jerk, and she is hurled backward against
the thin, ill-tempered woman, whose
hands are full of parcels. The impact
of her rebounding body would send them
all flat on their backs, but they are
squeezed so close they can only sway
this way and that.

There is something peculiarly irritat-
ing about the good-natured woman who
carries parcels. She is not a gorgeous
bag she is holding under her arm, but
bat on one side of her head, and has
only one eye on. Her ungloved hand
is red and chapped, with stubby nails,
not always clean, and a worn wedding
ring on her third finger. She carries a
great many small parcels, some of which
are coming out of their wrappings, has
a little purse gripped in one palm, the
unworn glove held between two fingers,
a very dirty handkerchief stuffed in be-
tween the parcels, and a muff held
against her side up under one arm.

She comes in with a violent rush, grin-
ning from ear to ear. She is precipitated
into a mass of passengers, grabs the
nearest woman, holds her tight, laugh-
ing stridently. "Rough, ain't it?" she
remarks in a sociable way, then tries to
open her purse, and things begin to fall
—the handkerchief on the lap of the wo-
man near her; two apples burst from a
bag she is holding under her elbow, and
roll away; the muff disappears under
a man's feet, who has to dive into dark-
ness for it. Someone near her remarks,
"You're losing your comb," to which she
answers, "I always am."

Then she puts up a searching hand,
and at that minute the car gives a ter-
rific jerk, and sends her, helplessly
laughing, on to the lap of a man who is
seatedly reading the morning paper. The
paper is torn away by her sudden intro-
duction into his arms, and the rest of
the parcels are scattered over him. She
gets up, fairly sputtering with laughter,
her hat on one ear, her comb dropping
out. The man, scarlet and embarrassed,
tries to take up the paper again. The
passengers roar, even the conductor
gives a sour smile, and the woman, joy-
ously grinning, says: "It ain't no picnic
goin' up town at this time."

GERALDINE BONNER.

Knows Now
Doctor Was Fooled by His Own Case for a
Time.

It's easy to understand how ordinary
people get fooled by coffee when doctors
themselves sometimes forget the facts.

A physician speaks of his own experi-
ence:
"I had used coffee for years, and really
did not exactly believe it was injur-
ing me although I had palpitation of
the heart every day."

"Finally one day a severe and almost
fatal attack of heart trouble frightened
me and I gave up both tea and coffee,
using Postum instead, and since that
time I have had absolutely no heart pal-
pitation except on one or two occa-
sions, when I tried a small quantity of
coffee, which caused severe irritation
and proved to me I must let it alone."

"When we began using Postum it
seemed weak—that was because we did
not make it according to directions—
but now we put a little bit of butter in
the pot when boiling and allow the Pos-
tum to boil full 15 minutes, which gives
it the proper rich flavor and the deep
brown color."

"I have advised a great many of my
friends and patients to leave off coffee
and drink Postum—in fact, I daily give
this advice." Same given by Postum
Company, Battle Creek, Mich.

Many thousands of physicians use
Postum in place of tea and coffee in
their own homes and prescribe it to pa-
tients. "There's a reason."

A remarkable little book, "The Road
to Wellville," can be found in each pack-
age.

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Almond Benzoin and Myrrh.
Promotes circulation and re-
moves impurities from the pores,
making the complexion clear
and beautiful.

"Beecham's" celebrated
hair tonic stops falling
hair and promotes
growth.

DEAR SIR:—I have given
the soap you sent me a fair trial
and find it excellent, most agree-
able in every way and so tender to the skin.
Yours truly,
EMMA EAMES.

The Lyman Bros. & Co., Limited, Sole agents for Canada

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Dentifrice
Sold
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Since 1854

Facial Beauty

The three requisites of facial beauty are rounded
features, absence of wrinkles and a fine complexion.
Scrupulous cleanliness, air, light diet, exercise, and
the FREE use of a reliable FLESH FOOD to
repair the waste of the muscle with proper massage
will obtain the desired results. Secure these three
requisites of facial beauty by the free use of
THACKER'S CREME VELOUTE, the great
FLESH FOOD.

The sunken shadows of the cheeks, chin, neck and
arms will vanish if the skin that clothes them is not
starved. FEED these features with the FLESH
FOOD, gently rubbed into them, and gradually they
will attain harmonious proportions.

Nature has prepared a system of glands, lying
within the skin, readily absorbing whatever is applied
to it. Through these wonderful lymphatics the skin
is most specially and locally nourished with quick
results, producing a FINE COMPLEXION.
THACKER'S CREME VELOUTE is used and
endorsed by the famous Patti.

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Create a Good
Impression

by appearing neat and dressy. A
handy convenient way of doing this is
to have us call for, clean, press and
dye your suit and return it to you look-
ing like new.

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1267 Queen St. West, 277 Queen St. East.
Phones (North 201, Main 2143 and 1004,
Park 98.

Keep Smart

You need to in your business—
you ought to in your home.

Neatness Counts

Whether business man or busi-
ness woman, keep what clothes
you have in the best of condition.

LOTS OF FOLKS
Lose business and friends be-
cause they look shabby. I can
make any suit look neat and natty.

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Cleaner and Repairer of Ck'thes.
Tel. 31. 3074 39 Adelaide St. West

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Necessaries

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others. Ask for it : : : : :

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prevents roughness of the skin and chapping.
Best for toilet and nursery use. 035
ALBERT TOILET SOAP CO., Mfrs. MONTREAL.

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Carter's Little Liver Pills.

Must Bear Signature of

Wm. Wood

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Very small and as easy to take as sugar.

CARTER'S LITTLE LIVER PILLS.

FOR HEADACHE.
FOR DIZZINESS.
FOR BILIOUSNESS.
FOR TORPID LIVER.
FOR CONSTIPATION.
FOR SALLOW SKIN.
FOR THE COMPLEXION.

Price 25 Cents

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DELICIOUS HALF-AND-HALF**

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Toronto Brewing Co.
Since 1871 Toronto

O'Keefe's Special

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Down

—DRINK IT ALL
—NO DREGS
—NOT CARBONATED

The success attained in the short time this Ale has been before the public is unprecedented.
A single trial will convince.
To be had at all hotels and dealers.

The O'KEEFE BREWERY CO.
OF TORONTO, Limited

Gambling.

On Sunday evening, Dec. 20, Rev. J. T. Sutherland gave the third sermon in his series on "Great Public Questions," the subject being "The Vice of Gambling: What to Do About It." He took as texts the eighth and tenth commandments of the Decalogue: "Thou shalt not steal," and "Thou shalt not covet," speaking in part as follows:

Gambling has long been in the world, and it is widespread to-day. Everywhere thoughtful and intelligent men have recognized it as an evil. There is hardly any nation that has not passed laws against it; but whether these laws have been effective or not has generally depended upon the moral character of the people. It might be supposed that intellectual culture would prevent it; but this does not seem to be the case. The increase of wealth appears actually to foster it. The only thing that proves really to have power permanently to check it is morality, the moral development of peoples.

What is gambling? It is an attempt, by means of some process involving more or less of chance, to get money or some other stake for which one does not render an equivalent. In other words, it is an attempt to get something for nothing. In legitimate business whatever a man gets he pays for. An honest business transaction between two men leaves both parties benefited. But in gambling it is not so. Here if one gains the other loses, and as much as the other gains and because he gains. This is robbery. The one who wins robs the other. But the other is also a robber in spirit, for he would have robbed if he could.

One form of gambling which was widely prevalent a hundred years ago is now almost wholly eliminated from Protestant Europe and America. I refer to the lottery. The success that has been attained here gives reason for encouragement in the struggle against gambling as a whole. The most common form of gambling is with cards. Of course, card-playing itself is harmless; but the fact that it is almost universally associated with gambling makes it an amusement that is not without peril. Perhaps no other amusement leads into so much temptation. This is the reason why many people who are by no means narrow or puritanical in their feelings object to card-playing. This is the reason why some churches forbid it among their members. Certainly if one does play cards a reasonable rule to make, and to hold to with absolute strictness, is that one will never play for any stake, no matter how small. Betting in every form should be frowned on. Gambling is a foe to true athletics. If I bet on one team in a baseball match, from that moment my interest is not to have the best side win, but to have that side win on which I have put my money.

The influence of gambling in all its forms is evil upon those who engage in it, upon society and upon business. It tends to produce a distinct and rapid deterioration of character in all who have to do with it.

A clerk in a store, a bookkeeper or cashier in a bank, anyone who handles the money of other persons, can no longer be trusted if he gets into the habit of gambling or betting. This has been proved a thousand times over. In view of the evils of gambling what should be done? Of course, for one thing the laws should be enforced. In some important respects our laws in Ontario are defective. Until within a few months it seems to have been a question just what a gambling house in the eye of the law is. A recent judicial decision has in large measure removed the difficulty. It is encouraging to see that since then several disreputable places in the city have been closed and a considerable number of arrests have been made. Our greatest weakness in Toronto seems to be in connection with certain clubs where gambling is known to exist, and in connection with our Woodbine race-course, where gambling seems to be carried on with a high hand. If these two centers of evil cannot be purged under our present laws, then by all means our Provincial Legislature should be pressed to give us laws that are adequate. I am glad to know that a movement is on foot looking in this direction. Let us all give it such moral support as we are able. We also seem to be in want of an adequate federal law giving control over the practice of stock-gambling; but we are promised by the Government that an improved law shall be provided by the next Dominion Parliament. Good laws are important. To ensure their enforcement we must have an intelligent and strong public sentiment at their back. It is a question whether we do not need to have organized in

Doctor's Shift

Now Gets Along Without It.

A physician says: "Until last fall I used to eat meat for my breakfast, and suffered with indigestion until the meat had passed from the stomach."

"Last fall I began the use of Grape-Nuts for breakfast, and very soon found I could do without meat, for my body got all the nourishment necessary from the Grape-Nuts, and since then I have not had any indigestion, and am feeling better and have increased in weight."

"Since finding the benefit I derived from Grape-Nuts I have prescribed the food for all of my patients suffering from indigestion or over-feeding, and also for those recovering from disease where I want a food easy to take and certain to digest and that will not over-tax the stomach."

"I always find the results I look for when I prescribe Grape-Nuts. For ethical reasons please omit my name." Name given by mail by Postum Company, Battle Creek, Mich.

The reason for the wonderful amount of nutriment, and the easy digestion of Grape-Nuts is not hard to find. In the first place, the starchy part of the wheat and barley goes through various processes of cooking, to perfectly change the starch into Dextrose or Post Sugar, in which state it is ready to be easily absorbed by the blood. The little parts in the wheat and barley which Nature can make use of for rebuilding brain and nerve centers are retained in this remarkable food, and thus the human body is supplied with the powerful strength-producers so easily noticed after one has eaten Grape-Nuts each day for a week or ten days.

"There's a reason." Get little book, "The Road to Wellville," in the package.



Millar's Royal Paragon Canadian Cheese

was the first potted cheese on the Canadian market and it still holds its place as first in quality. In opal pots, 10c., 25c., 50c. and 90c.

INGERSOLL PACKING CO., INGERSOLL, ONT.

The hearty appetites of children enjoy the delicious flavor and get healthy nourishment from a sandwich made with Millar's Royal Paragon Canadian Cheese. It is a delicious dainty for anyone

at any time. For luncheons and five o'clock teas you may serve it in the original pot. It looks dainty, clean and tempting.

Toronto and in all our towns and cities "Law and Order Leagues"—that is, organizations of citizens without reference to church, class or party, for the purpose of seeing that the laws—those pertaining to gambling, liquor-selling and all others—be enforced. But we must not stop with law or law enforcement, or with anything external. We must go deeper. We must be content with nothing short of lifting all our communities above the gambling spirit. The heart of the whole gambling business is the desire to get something for nothing. We should teach ourselves and all with whom we have to do how base and unworthy is such a desire; and that the very first condition of an honorable life is to desire to do our full part in the world, and to render to others a just return for what they do for us. To want to get from others what we do not pay for is to be at heart a parasite, a beggar, or a thief.

New Year's Resolutions.

Resolved:
To acquire more facility in reading three morning papers and eating my breakfast at the same time. Never to spend over five minutes over my lunch-con.
To keep religiously away from church. To keep my seat in the car.
To grow more cynical.
To smoke at least ten cigars a day.
To increase my income so that I can live so much more beyond it.
To keep out of Wall street when I have lost all my money.
To contribute at least one-tenth of my income to the party in power.
To see all the bad plays.
To sacrifice the comfort of others as much as possible to my own.
Never to rest.
To praise God daily for the Elevated road and the yellow journals.

Origin of the Names of Countries.

The following countries, it is said, were originally named by the Phoenicians, the greatest commercial people in the world. The names, in the Phoenician language, signified something characteristic of the places which they designate.

Europe signifies a country of white complexion, so named because the inhabitants were of a lighter complexion than those of Asia and Africa.

Asia signifies between or in the middle, from the fact that the geographers placed it between Europe and Africa.

Africa signifies the land of corn or ears. It was celebrated for its abundance of corn, and all sorts of grain.

Siberia signifies thirsty or dry—very characteristic.

Spain, a country of rabbits or conies. It was once so infested with these animals that it was called Augusta for an army to destroy them.

Italy, a country of pitch, from its yielding great quantities of black pitch.

Calabria, also for the same reason.

Gaul, modern France, signifies yellow-haired, as yellow hair characterizes its inhabitants.

The English of Caletonia is a high hill. This was a rugged, mountainous province in Scotland.

Hibernia is utmost, or last habitation; for beyond this westward the Phoenicians never extended their voyages.

Britain, the country of tin, great quantities being found on it and adjacent islands. The Greeks called it Albion, which signifies in the Phoenician tongue either white or high mountains, from the whiteness of its shores, or the high rocks on the western coast.

Corsica signifies a woody place.

Sardinia signifies the footsteps of men, which it resembles.

Syracuse, bad savor, so called from the unwholesome marsh on which it stood.

Rhodes, serpents or dragons, which it produced in abundance.

Sicily, the country of grapes.

Sevilla, the whirlpool of destruction.

Actra signifies a furnace, or dark or smoky—"Waverley Magazine."

After the Roxburghe-Goelet Wedding.

A titled foreigner was discussing with his future father-in-law, the wealthy American, the question of settlements. "Pardon my ignorance," he said, "in enquiring about another matter. Is it customary in this country for the bridegroom to fee the police who suppress the riots when the ceremony takes place, or does the bride's father consider that one of the ordinary expenses of the wedding, and pay it himself?"—Chicago "Tribune."

"Semi-teetotal" Movement.

"Semi-teetotal" is a bad name for what is probably a very good thing. But if we allow "semi-teetotal" we may have coming into existence a "Social Semi-Purity League," or a "Society for the Encouragement of Occasional Non-temperance."—Correspondent in the "Standard."

Maxims for an Up-to-Date Republic.

That government is best that taxes most.

To the reformers belong the spoils.

Give us slavery or give us death.

In unions there is rest—from work.

No grafter is without cash, except in his own country.

One bad pension deserves another.

In politics it takes three to make a bargain: The victim, the man who makes it and the legislature.

All poor men are equal before the law.

It's a poor treaty that doesn't work both ways.

Every little country helps.

Corruption is its own reward.

He who runs may lead.

Cupidity is the mother of intervention.

Uneasy lies the head that arbitrates with a world power.

Can't is mighty and shall prevail.

"Life."

Nectar In His.

He was nothing but a tramp, a modest, retiring tramp, one of the nature's noblemen kind, and when in answer to his timid knock a young matron opened the door he asked:

"Might I beg for a cup of hot water from the breakfast table?"

"You might," she began, frigidly, when he interrupted:

"Would it be possible to spill a few drops of coffee into it?"

"It would be, but—"

"And a spoonful of milk—"

"I never in my life—"

"One moment, please. I don't ask for sugar, but if you will kindly look into the cup, it will be turned into nectar—nectar, madam, the food of the gods."

He got it and two large pieces of

An Odd Lottery.

A new version of Portia's caskets is to be seen in a booth in London. In the window is a padlocked glass box containing five golden sovereigns. A notice proclaims that all purchasers at this establishment will be offered a large number of keys, from which they may select one and with it attempt to unlock the box. The person who is lucky enough to pick out the right key is then enriched by picking up the five pounds. It is a pretty lottery, and at the worst no one's effort can be bootless.

His Faux Pas.

They were uttering the tender nonsense that succeeds the great question. "And," said the girl bravely, "if poverty comes, we will face it together." "Ah, dearest," he replied, "the mere sight of your face would scare the wolf away." And ever since he has wondered why she returned the ring.

She—Dearest, tell me honestly. Have you ever loved another?

He—Yes, darling, but that was when I was young and foolish and utterly irresponsible.

She—How long ago was it?

He—Oh, fully six months ago.

First Tourist (in Switzerland)—"Our landlord must know English pretty well."

Second Tourist: "I haven't heard him speak it yet."

"No," but he understood your German."



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14 King St. West.

DIVIDEND NOTICE

Notice is hereby given that a half-yearly dividend for the six months ending Dec. 31st, 1903, at the rate of five per cent. per annum, has this day been declared upon the paid-up capital stock of the Company, and that the same will be payable at the offices of the Company ON AND AFTER JANUARY 1st, 1904.

The Transfer Books will be closed from Dec. 21st to Dec. 31st, both days inclusive.

T. P. COFFEY, Manager
Toronto, Dec. 1st, 1903.

The Drummer's Political Speech.

"CITY people know very little about the way a political campaign is carried on in the country," remarked the commercial traveler to the bookkeeper, as they were having lunch in the grill-room. "They read in the papers," he went on, "of meetings being held, and of speeches, full of abuse and personalities, being delivered by well-known politicians who have been imported into the riding for the occasion, but they know nothing of the fun going on in some of the back townships. I have just come from up north, where I heard all about the trouble my esteemed fellow-drummer, Jack Shoebottom, got into out at Root's Corners."

"Ah, Shoebottom. I know him," interrupted the bookkeeper. "He's that young chap who travels for Kydd & Co., the wholesale shoe dealers. What's he been doing now?"

"Nothing very much. He only broke up a meeting, lost a good customer's account, and had to walk back eight miles through the deep snow. But I must tell you how it all came about."

"It seems that Mr. Soles, who keeps a general store in Hayville, is chairman of the local committee, and during this campaign he has had great difficulty in obtaining speakers for the meetings held in outlying districts. He himself and all the other available men in the town who could talk politics to a crowd had meetings to address that evening, and there was one place, Root's Corners, which caused him much uneasiness. He had, so far, secured only one speaker, Lawyer Boozey, for the place, and that gentleman was just as likely to spend an evening full as a full evening out there. Another man must be got somewhere. But Mr. Soles's troubled thoughts were suddenly dispersed by a noise at the front of his shop. A sleigh appeared, piled high with trunks, and on the top of them sat our noisy young friend, Shoebottom, who had just driven in from a neighboring town. As he entered the store, stamping and shaking off the snow, he received a hearty greeting and welcome from his customer."

"Come up to the stove and get thawed out," said Mr. Soles, as he helped himself to one of Shoebottom's cigars. "And tell us how things are going." Of course our young friend gave a very encouraging report of the progress made by Mr. Soles's party in other quarters. "Talk about deep snow," he cheerfully said, "I'm afraid you'll think I'm telling you a tall story when I say that the runners of our sleigh several times struck against the tops of telegraph poles, and do you know, I saw a man coming out of a chimney because the doors and windows of his house were snowed under. But say! talk about being snowed under! You can just bet anything your opponents will be completely out of sight when the returns are all in." As Shoebottom rattled on, an idea came into Mr. Soles's head. Why not, he thought, turn this young man's verbosity to some account? Why not send him out to help Boozey at Root's Corners? He is a glib talker, and no doubt would interest the farmers. Here is the very man, thought Mr. Soles, so he asked the drummer whether or not he would oblige him in the matter. Certainly, Shoebottom declared, he would be delighted to go.

"I have an order for you," said the merchant, highly pleased, "so get your samples unpacked; we haven't much time to spare." Shoebottom, sitting comfortably under the buffalo robes, did not mind the deep snow and the cold wind. He was going out to Root's Corners, not only to have some fun with the Rubes, and to gain some experience as a stump speaker, but he also was placing a good customer under an obligation to him; and he chuckled as he thought of the fat order he had already secured, and of other fat ones to come. The deep snow had delayed him, and he was half an hour late getting to the Corners. The meeting was being held in the "dancing hall" over the hotel driving shed, and as Shoebottom entered, and pushed his way through the crowded aisle, he was almost overcome by the stifling heat and foul smell of the room. But he managed to push his way to the front and tried to step up on to the platform. Shoebottom, you know, is a small man, and now that he is clean shaven, is very boyish looking. But still the chairman should not have made such a mistake. Or perhaps it would have been better had the embryo statesman remained below and waited until someone recognized him and called him to the platform. As it was, however, the big raw-boned chairman reached down, caught Shoebottom by the collar, shook him, and then lifted him off the platform.

"Didn't I tell youse kids before to keep from crowding on the platform?" he called out. Fortunately, just then Mr. Boozey recognized Shoebottom. So of course he immediately introduced him to the surprised and horror-struck chairman. That gentleman, of course, was profuse in his apologies, explaining that "them kids in the front had caused him a heap of trouble all evenin'."

"Shoebottom then took his place on the platform, but he was far from feeling comfortable. He is a particularly neat young fellow, and as he was now conscious of the fact that his collar was torn, he felt very much annoyed. Besides, had not that brute of a chairman insulted him and made a laughing stock of him? These thoughts were distracting, and he shivered, while the perspiration rolled down his back, as he thought of the time, now drawing near, when he should be called upon to speak. To make matters worse, Boozey, who, strange to say, was as sober as a judge, was speaking of the political scandals and the timber question—the very things Shoebottom had made up his mind to discuss. At last, Boozey concluded, and the chairman introduced to the meeting Mr. John Shoebottom, a young man who had come strongly recommended by Mr. Soles. "Besides being a drummer," he facetiously remarked, "Mr. Shoebottom no doubt possesses the gift of gab, and a wide experience in addressing not only men, but ladies also."

"Our young friend would have liked to punch the chairman's head. As he rose to his feet he felt dizzy, and his tongue seemed to cleave to the roof of his mouth. But he put forth a mighty effort and managed to begin with 'Mr. chairman, ladies and gentlemen.' The roar of laughter reminded him that he had made a mistake; there were no women present. His boyhood days arose before him. He was again a little lad at the Sunday school entertainment, and he was reciting 'The boy stood on the burning deck.' Casabianca had a snap, he thought, because 'all but he had fled,' while before him was a sea of upturned, grinning faces.

"Just then a man interrupted the meeting by rising and moving that as some people were already leaving the hall a collection should be taken up to defraud the expenses." This break added to the uproar. But while the hat was being passed around it gave Shoebottom a few moments to collect his senses. He recalled some utterances of a well-known politician whom he had once heard criticizing the tariff. So he launched out with great eloquence, disregarding the cries of "Question! Question!" into the "inconsistencies of the tariff," and the "idiosyncrasies of the men who framed it." "Can any one here tell me," he asked with great warmth, "how it is that the farmer pays a duty of twenty per cent. on his implements, while the dentist imports his instruments free? 'I can!' shouted a voice from below. 'Because the dentist has a pull!' This was the last straw. Half a dozen big men who were sitting on a plank, stretched between two empty soap boxes, jumped up together on their seat, to see where the witty answer came from. Their weight was too much for the plank, as it broke with a crash, precipitating them to the floor. A panic then ensued. In vain the chairman tried to restore order. Some thought the floor was giving way. Some young fellows blew out the lamps at the back of the hall, and others began singing 'God Save the King.' The meeting at Root's Corners was over. Nobody was seriously hurt. But Shoebottom, as he fought his way to the door, felt that he had some idea of what the Martinique disaster was like."

"Hurry up with your story," interrupted the bookkeeper. "What about our friend's eight miles through the snow?"

"Give me time," said the traveler. "I'm coming to that. I forgot to say that the hotelkeeper at Hayville had lent Shoebottom his horse and cutter, and the latter had driven over alone. When he had unhitched the horse, which was very impatient to get home, he took off the blanket and was folding it. In doing this he frightened the animal, which jumped forward with the empty cutter, and started off at a terrific speed. In vain Shoebottom grabbed for something. When he arrived at the stable yard in Hayville, four hours later, the horse was standing there unhurt, but shivering in the cold."

"Of course Soles was furious when he heard of the meeting. He is a rabid politician and a quick-tempered man. The next day he wrote Kydd & Co. to cancel the order he gave to Mr. Shoebottom, and also requested them to instruct that gentleman not to call on him any more."

"Hard lines," said the bookkeeper, as he reached for his hat. "But our friend's misfortunes should serve as a lesson to other drummers to leave politics alone while on the road."

W. H. PAGET.



A PARK IN FLORIDA.

A Boy and A Dog.

GRAY, dull and dreary was the Saturday afternoon before Christmas, and I looked from a window on Adelaide street, wondering how any one would call the Christmas season a time of peace and good-will. It was nothing but a time of peace and good-will. Christmas is only a day of painful memories for those who have grown up and left behind the delights of a Noah's ark or a doll with real hair. We receive presents from those who send them because they fear we are cherishing like intentions, and we give presents to people whom we should like to see at Jericho. I was thinking all these uncomfortable thoughts, and we mingled with them was a new pain, for there was an empty chair in the room, the pen had fallen from a ready hand, and just a few hours before, he who had been a genial presence in the "sanctum" had gone away smiling to that other world where, perhaps, we learn the answer to life's riddle.

Then there came to the door a small boy with honest eyes who said eagerly, "Do you put photographs in 'Saturday Night'?"

"Sometimes," I replied, not too encouragingly.

"Well, this is a picture I want to get in. It's a boy and a dog."

"But you are not in it."

"No—it's my brother. He's fond of the dog, you see, and



I took their picture. He's nothing but a kid. You needn't speak of me, but I'd like to have him in." The boy turned away and went down the three flights of stairs he had climbed to the editor's office, while I went back and stood once more at the window, looking out on the dullness and gloom of the December twilight. But there was a gleam of gold athwart the gray, for something had told me that the good of the old days is living still, that, though brave, bright friends go away without a wave of the hand, they leave the memory of comradeship and pluck. It is such a little way back to the Christmas of childhood, the days of "life unquestioned"—such a little way forward to the Great Perhaps. Nothing matters, after all, but a helping hand and a brave heart. In the meantime, on the desk lay the photograph of a boy and his dog—a jolly, friendly-looking dog and a boy who is "nothing but a kid."

CANADIAN.

A Happy New Year.

BY JOVE! It was a regular old-fashioned New Year's day, clear and cold, with lots of snow and good sleighing. What a pity they didn't still keep up the good old fashion of New Year's calling. Then it was worth one's while to pay visits. Why, you were expected, of course, at all your friends', and were given a hearty welcome, the ladies "at home," dressed in their prettiest, the houses adorned with the Christmas decoration, great fires blazing, and a generous table laid with New Year's plum cake, Scotch bread, and other Christmas dainties, and last, but not least, plenty of good wines. You started at ten in the morning and never got through until night, boasting of the number of calls you had made, everybody jolly, and laughter ringing throughout the whole day. Ah! that was something like. And the nice old bachelor sighed as he turned away from his dressing-room window and proceeded to shave himself, and wonder how he should put in his day. He might curl, of course; a lot of the fellows would. And the skating club were going to meet in the afternoon; but he did those things any or every day, and would rather do something more out of the way and suitable to the holiday.

Oh, he has it. For once he will go out of his beaten track and cultivate the acquaintance of people that may be glad to see him. By Jove! he will go a-visiting, after all—where he is not looked for or expected, perhaps, but may receive a welcome just the same. He will be like that old Christmas Johnny of Dickens' that made such a good time for himself. And so in a cheerful frame of mind he descends to his lonely but well-appointed breakfast table, and tells his man to telephone the stable to have his sleigh ordered at ten, but before his friend a confirmed old bachelor, too, comes gaily into the room with a "Happy New Year, old chap! Are you ready to curl this morning?"

"Thanks, old man. I am sorry, but I have something else on hand," replies our bachelor in rather an apologetic tone. "What will you have?" But as Bertie sips his whiskey and soda he eyes his friend suspiciously, and wonders to himself, "What the devil is he up to now?" It is quite unusual to be left out of his plans like this, and he doesn't like it at all.

Ah, Bertie, Bertie, this is but the beginning of the end. Presently, seeing his friend isn't to be pumped, he rises and moves off with, "Well, old fellow, I must be on, am due at the rink now. Sorry you aren't coming. See you later at the club." As he goes out he hears the man telephoning to the stables for the sleigh, and hopes to himself "that there isn't a petticoat at the bottom of it all. But it looks bad on the face of it," he thinks.

After breakfast our bachelor proceeds to do a little telephoning himself—the long distance line this time, to Ottawa, where he fills with curiosity the soul of his married sister Mabel by a request for her old governess's name now, and address. She gives it, and wants to know "what he wants it for," only to be told "he will write." He chuckles to himself as he jots down the address, and rings up his lawyer to find out where some distant cousins on his mother's side that moved to town some time ago are living. After some little delay he secures their address also—the street is an unfashionable one in the east end of the town. He turns over the leaves of his address book until he finds directions how and where to get to his old nurse. He will give her a pleasant surprise. She hasn't been to pay him her Christmas visit yet, and he wonders why, as it is the first time she has ever failed. He remembers how wistfully each time she has said, "Some day, Master Percy, you will be driving past my little place, likely, and it is proud your old nurse will be to see you in her own home. The country is pretty in the summer, sir, with the trees and flowers." So he will go there first, and he puts her Christmas present in his pocket, and as the sleigh is at the door he gets into his big fur coat. But as he turns to leave the room the great bowl of fresh red roses on the breakfast table catches his eye. Ah! "Nurse" will like those, and he quickly gathers them up and wraps them carefully in soft paper and departs.

Up north into the country he drives, where the air gets fresher and more bracing each minute as the houses are further apart; past farms he drives, barred and bleak looking now, but quiet and peaceful. On he drives, through a tiny village, where an inquiry brings forth the information, "Keep to your right, sir, the first turn, and it is the first house." He keeps to his right, and finds a little white cottage back from the road, glistening in the ice and snow like a sugar house. He goes in through the little garden, followed by a stray process-

sion of chickens and ducks, up to the door, which is opened to his knock by a round-faced but sad-looking young woman. She brightens up wonderfully at seeing him, for although it is the first time, well she knows who it is from "Nurse's" fond and oft-repeated description. She is Nurse's son's wife, and she detains him a minute or two on the step to tell him "how feeble her mother-in-law has been all winter, and that she is failing fast, but it is proud she will be to see you this day, sir." He follows her into the little sitting-room, where he finds his old nurse propped up with pillows in a big chair; and when he sees the light at sight of him in the dim old eyes, he is glad and thankful that he has come, and as he notes how worn and white the patient, kind old face has grown he feels he has been a brute for not coming before.

"I missed your visit so at Christmas, 'Nurse,' he cried.

"You see, I had to come and pay you one at New Year."

And Nurse just smiles lovingly at "her boy" and is very happy. She calls his attention to the comfort of her chair, a gift long ago, he had forgotten, but it reminds him of the roses, and oh! they were a happy thought. At last he gets up to go, laden with some new-laid eggs "son's wife" has done up with great precaution for him to take back. He kisses Nurse and presses into her hand the belated Christmas gift, and tells her that now he has found her out he will come again, and bring some good old "port" he has that will soon set her up "fine as a fiddle." The tears well into Nurse's old eyes at his kindness, but she softly shakes her head and asks him to come very soon again. She will be looking for him now. He is surprised, driving back, to find that the whole morning has gone, and that he is awfully hungry.

After lunch, a cigar and a nap, he is away to pay his other visits. He finds his sister's former governess at home and really pleased to see him. She has expanded into a comfortable-looking matron and they laugh away a great part of the afternoon, recalling his boyish pranks. She tells him her husband has just got over an attack of grippe and is still far from well. At that he remembers the new-laid eggs still in his sleigh, as he had forgotten to remove them, and he dives out after them, the very thing for an invalid.

It is twilight, and the small house in the unfashionable street where his mother's distant cousin lives looks very inviting with the firelight flickering on the windows as he rings the bell. They are at home, mother and daughter, looking like sisters; the pretty widowed mother is still so young and fair, the girl whom he has never met before is lovely. He sees that at once, and the mother has changed very little in these passing years. What a charming manner they both have, and their little drawing-room is so pretty and comfortable that he is indeed lucky to find them receiving, as he tells them presently. He hears that this lovely young cousin of his gives singing lessons, and regrets on the spot that he can't sing, but he can, and does, listen, as he drinks his tea in the firelight, to a sweet, clear voice singing his favorite songs. How graceful she is, and how becoming that soft, dark red gown. And then reluctantly he says good-by, and is very, very thoughtful as he drives home. How sweet, how pretty they are, both mother and daughter, he thinks. Also he reflects upon the time he has lost, and wonders how soon he may decently go to see them again. BOB.

My Orders.

Miss Ethelwyn Wetherald is a Canadian writer whose poems have won for her a high place among modern authors; but she has written nothing better nor braver than these eight lines:

My orders are to fight.
Then if I bleed and fail,
Or strongly win, what matters it?
God only doth prevail.
The servant craveth naught
Except to serve with might.
I was not told to win or lose.
My orders are to fight.

—Christmas "Varsity."

How Claude Duval Danced with a Lady of High Degree.

AND now we take flight over the centuries, and, settling on the year 1666, come upon a young Frenchman, the son of a miller of Normandy, who, after running away from home, was for a year a stable-boy in Rouen and then journeyed across to England as footman in the train of a certain English nobleman.

Only a footman, an obscure, unnoticed personage, yet destined to become one of the most noted characters of his time—none other, in fact, than that handsome, reckless scapegrace, Claude Duval.

Always magnificently mounted and equipped, combining a fine courage with a handsome face and the most charming personality and manners, Claude Duval was the darling of all the common people, the admired of all the ladies of highest degree, and the most fearless rascal that ever held up coach or waylaid horseman.

He was never one to resort to so rude a weapon as the pistol if gentler methods could attain his ends; to demonstrate which, one has but to recall the occasion on which he rode forth in all his glory to attack a coach in which were seated a certain knight and his lady.

It is to be feared that the former was made of weaker stuff than his wife, for, whilst he seems to have made no sort of attempt at self-defence, the lady, seeing the horseman approach, endeavored to show him her courage by playing a tune on her lute.

This was entirely after Duval's own heart. Pulling a flageolet from his own pocket, he joined gaily in the air, and in this truly original fashion approached the vehicle.

Springing from his horse, he bowed low in the most approved fashion, then, addressing the knight, he stated in his most courtly manner that as the lady played so divinely he felt convinced that she must dance with equal grace. Might she not alight and bestow upon him the honor of stepping a courante with her on the heath?

In no way displeased, our stepped the lady, and together she and Duval danced, the latter playing the air on his flageolet and executing the most intricate steps with the greatest dexterity, notwithstanding the fact that he was wearing heavy top-boots.

The dance concluded, Duval handed the lady back to the coach, but, as the knight was also about to enter, the highwayman detained him, and taking him aside with a confidential air, pointed out that the music was not yet paid for. But the knight declared that indeed he never forgot such things; saying which, he returned to the coach and handed Duval therefrom a bag containing £100.

Duval expressed himself as delighted by this generosity, and declared that after such open-handed treatment he would not think of touching the other £300 which he knew the coach to contain. And with that he gave the couple a pass to insure their safety at the hands of other highwaymen, kissed his hand to the lady, and so rode lightly away.

So nice a rogue as was Duval ought most certainly to have met with a gallant and romantic death. Alas, such was far from being the case! Apprehended in Chandos street whilst intoxicated, he was hanged at Tyburn on January 1st, 1669, giving his age as twenty-seven years. "So much," we are told, "had his gallantries and handsome figure rendered him the favorite of the fair sex, that many a bright eye was bedimmed at his funeral, whilst his corpse was bedewed with the tears of beauty."

He was buried with the utmost impressiveness in the middle aisle of Covent Garden Church, the large mourning procession which accompanied the coffin being composed almost entirely of ladies.

A good deal of all this charm which he is said to have exercised over the fair sex must, of course, be allowed to exaggeration, but there can still remain no doubt that Claude Duval must have been a scamp of quite extraordinary personality.—Royal Magazine.

The Kestrel and The Sparrows.

A young Owl once saw a Kestrel being mobbed by a Flock of Sparrows, who flew after him, chattering, scolding, swearing, and calling him every bad Name in the ornithological Dictionary.

"That Kestrel must be a very wicked Bird, Mamma," said the Owl to her Parent. "Do you hear all the bad Things they're saying about him?"

"Nay, my Child, they are not abusing him because he is wicked," answered the Mother-Owl.

"Why, then, Mamma?" demanded the inquisitive Owllet. "Oh, merely, my Pet, because he has made himself a Bird of Mark in the Forest, while they themselves remain unnoticed and obscure."

Moral: The Carplings of small Minds are their sincerest Tribute to the Success of the Great.—London "Truth."



MACLEAN OR ALVERSTONE.

Billy Maclean—O.K. this cheque of mine, Mr. Bull, and save giving Uncle Sam the Hudson Bay as an award.

Risking Life for Queer Pictures.

Of all the amateur photographic societies that are scattered through the world the most romantic is in existence in a corner of Formosa.

The members of this remarkable society vie with each other to see who can get the most unusual photographs in the most dangerous places, and they do not have to hunt far for danger, for they are surrounded by jungles full of poisonous serpents, savage animals, and still more ferocious races of men.

Among the most interesting exploits of these amateurs was that of penetrating into the interior with cameras and calmly sneaking around in the villages of the dreaded head hunters to get pictures of their gruesome trophies.

The photographers succeeded in their quest and also in the somewhat more important matter of carrying their pictures and themselves back into the fringe of civilization.

One of these amateurs returned recently with a picture snapped by him in a village far back in the interior, which is probably unique, both in point of subject and in point of the daring and cunning necessary to obtain it.

It is a photograph showing thirty-seven skulls piled up on a scaffold of bamboo.

These skulls are the trophies of a single savage. He was immensely proud of them, and had the display neatly arranged by the side of his hut.

The savages in this village were not good persons for a photographer to meet. Their chief articles of clothing were a blowpipe full of poisoned darts, a keen curved knife about three inches long and a long harpoon-like spear with a noose on the end of it.

With the spear they reach out after a fugitive and drop the noose over his head. If he seems likely to be a tough customer, they pierce him neatly through the back of the neck. If they want to have some fun before killing him they merely jerk the victim over backwards and then sit on him restfully and cut his head off at their ease.

The severed heads are slung in nets, and after a foray the hunters return home, each with his net full of heads hanging over his shoulder.

At home they boil or smoke the terrible relics and then either hang them in the rafters of the huts or pile them up on platforms.

The photographer who got the picture of the thirty-seven heads had to lie hidden in the jungle all one night, and then he managed to creep in and snap the display in the early dawn.

Another member of this adventurous photographic society snapped the picture of a young woman whom he met on a trail in the mountain thickets. She looked so pretty and amiable that he was quite proud of having found such a beauty in the heart of the savage country, and he showed the picture to everyone.

Finally he showed it to a native sub-chief of police, who recognized her as the daughter of the most bloodthirsty chief of all, a man who ruled a tribe that had become notorious throughout the south-eastern part of Asia. One year before his warriors had engaged in a series of forays, during which they massacred more than seven hundred Japanese and Chinese, whose heads were all hanging in the huts of the tribe.

An amateur photographer has been wandering ever since how he managed to get this picture of the woman and go away with it and with his own head.

Boom Towns.

OUT in the street—the straggling, loose-strung street, where the noble red man in a plug hat and moccasins trod painfully the sidewalks, what time his brick-foot squaw gazed in silent wonderment at the genuine wooden underwear marked down to a dollar, fifty—the street, with its untidy throngs and the raw, unsharpened edge of things slovenly disposed—only he who is initiated into the mysteries of colonial development could trace indications of unusual prosperity. To the uninitiated it was a struggling line of one-story shacks, becoming promisingly enough with a red-brick hotel and trailing off into prairie land.

There are no boom towns in Canada—except Dawson City—as we understand boom towns. There are towns which have sprung into importance in a few years, such as Edmonton and Calgary and Regina. But these have had existence of long standing, and have only increased in ratio to the prosperity of the surrounding country.

In Canada incorporation is a prize to which every proper town aspires. It is a goal to which the newest village that was ever tacked on to a C.P.R. elevator strives. Consequently, men from the back places are inveterate liars, though this may be said in their favor, that they believe all they tell. Brag! There is no brag quite like it.

If you can find time it will pay you to stop off at Wrinkles. A fine town, yes. I don't suppose there's another town like Wrinkles in all Canada. We've got as magnificent a church as you've ever seen outside of Montreal; banks, court house, post-office, hotel; and we're just installing electric light and a car service.

You know Wrinkles. Alas! That the bank, post-office and court house are beneath one humble roof; that the hotel is kept by Heo Chow; that the church is a microscopic barn with a wooden steeple; that the electric light and car service are unblinking myths.

Or it is, "You ought not to miss Bear's Head Creek. I don't want to brag about it, but you'll be surprised. Don't leave Canada without seeing it. We've got a newspaper there, too, that will interest you."

You go. It is, indeed, a thriving township, and the newspaper is a fact. The day you arrive there have been big happenings in Bear's Head Creek. Behold the front page of the paper.

Across four columns, in black type—"Local firm gets a thousand-dollar contract. Contractor O'Grady, in open competition, secured order for erecting new building. Successful competitor speaks with 'Gazette' man, and expresses confidence in the future of Bear's Head Creek."

Let it be thought that I am attempting to poke a poor form of fun at these little Londona struggling for recognition, let me say right here that I know no fun, no more inspiring sight than is



A Man is Only as Old as He Feels.

Some people are always young—in spirit and vigor. The man who feels his age is the man who neglects his stomach and liver. As the years pile up the delicate organisms grow weaker.

Abbey's Effervescent Salt

strengthens the system to resist the added strain. A perfect laxative—it removes all poison from the system. Purifies and enriches the blood. It keeps the liver and kidneys active. Abbey's possesses the rare quality of being a bowel and stomach tonic, without any re-actionary effects.

At all Druggists 25c. and 60c.

afforded by the spectacle of the almost Homeric efforts of the average Canadian township of smaller size to justify its glorious faith in the future.

"Here," says the man of the new town, "is a spot which by Providence, by natural position, by extraordinary conditions, and the proximity to the Canadian Pacific Railway is destined to be the Chicago of the West. Let us, the early fathers of the city, prepare the ground for future generations."

So the man of the new town sits on the snake-fence, pulling at his pipe, dreaming dreams, peopling the mellow cornfields with phantom millions; erecting on this patch a sky-scraper, on that a mammoth stone, and sacrificing with some regret, but with a stern sense of duty, the little church and the post-office shack to make place for a ten-story hotel.

And of their faith shall they in a degree be justified. Not all of them shall be citizens of a new Chicago—a poor enough ideal, God wot!—but they shall greatly grow. They shall be higher than they aim, because that is how the ideal works out; but in the meantime, their never-ceasing fight to thrust into fame and place the town of their adoption constitutes as fine a display of true patriotism as one may well wish to see.

—Edgar Wallace in London "Mail."

The Enemy at Our Gates.

Our most persistent foe, Influenza (alias La Grippe), has again commenced active hostilities—opened his winter campaign, so to speak—and it behooves us to repair our defences and prepare to resist attack. For this purpose the most effective agent is Ferrol, which builds up and fortifies the system so that germs have but little chance of effecting an entrance.

For those who have been unfortunate enough to contract this insidious disease Ferrol is especially recommended as by far the best remedy for overcoming the after-effects and restoring a healthy and normal condition.

The New House.

May 10.

Dear Julia,
Of course, I understand just how disappointed you are at not being able to stay here this summer to help me superintend the building of our new house, but I'm glad you agree with me that it's much better for you to remain at your father's and get well and strong again, and then come back in the autumn when the house where we hope to spend so many happy years is ready for us. You have seen all the plans and approved of them, and you may be sure that they will be carried out to the letter, so it really will make no difference. It is very fortunate that I shall be able this summer to put in practically all of my time right here on the ground. I shall make sure that things are done properly, and, above all, I shall see that there is no delay. I have a gang of excavators engaged to begin work on the cellar tomorrow morning. I must stop and go to bed, as I shall have to be up early.
Robert.

May 12.

Dear Julia,
Work on the cellar has not moved

Extract From A Novel.



"At the sight of the terrible intruder her teeth chattered and her hair stood up on end."—Pick-Me-Up.

along quite as fast as I hoped; still, we are getting on. I went to early, and, instead of finding a gang of men, found only one man, a large fellow, wearing a heavy gold watch-chain. It appeared that he was the walking delegate of the Cellar Diggers' Union, and had heard that I was going to have the earth drawn away by non-union men, and he said he couldn't let his men work. I didn't know anything about what the teamsters were, and it took all day to find out. However, it was finally established that they belonged to the Team Drivers' Union, so it was arranged that the diggers should begin yesterday morning. They didn't do so, however, because the walking delegate of the Hat Workers' Union heard that I was wearing a non-union hat, and he came up to see about it. I let him explore the hat, and he found a lot of hieroglyphics under the band which I had never seen, and said it was all right and the men could begin at noon. They did so, and work went on famously until three o'clock, when they came upon a stone about as big as a washtub, and all stopped. I asked what was the matter, and they said that if they rolled out the stone the Rock Hoisters' Union would protest, and they would lose their standing in the Combined Amalgamation of Excavators, so I shall have to engage a gang of rock hoisters to pry it out, after which I'm sure matters will move on again. I am determined to push the work with all speed.
Robert.

III.

May 13.

Dear Julia,
We accomplished less to-day than I hoped, owing to the fact that the men came to a tree root, and I had to telephone to the walking delegate to send up a member of the Tree Rooters' Union to remove it. The diggers and hoisters rested while this was going on, being afraid that he might be a non-union man, but after he proved to be all right they began again. Work went on swimmingly for a couple of hours, when a walking delegate for the Footwear Workers' Union came up and stopped everything on the ground that I was wearing non-union shoes. He said that if I would take 'em off he would see. I didn't like this very well, but I'm so anxious to get on with the house that I complied. He found them union made, and work began once more. The cellar goes on so slowly that I've decided to have the carpenters I've engaged begin work tomorrow on the barn. I think I'd better have some cement walks laid, too, as the walking delegates are tramping down all the grass.
Robert.

IV.

May 17.

Dear Julia,
I have been too busy to write as often as I wished. Have had bad luck with the barn. When the carpenters came and found what I wanted them to work on, they were quite indignant—said I would have to get men belonging to the Barnsmiths' Union to do the work. I did so, and a start was made, when a walking delegate from somewhere came along and ordered the men to "knock off" because the lumber I had got was made from trees cut with axes fitted with non-union handles. It didn't make much difference, however, as the next day the Conglomerated Aggregation of American Building Constructors ordered a general strike, and everything has stopped. Thought it would be a good time to dig a well, and have men from the Well Diggers' Union at it, assisted by representatives from the Well and Cistern Tree Rooters' Federation. I forgot to say that the cellar is done. And just this moment I heard that the chicken-coop and hen-housesmiths are not included in the general strike, so I can push work on our poultry building.
Robert.

The Fecundity of Riffraff.

A SINGLE pair of Australian rabbits have been known to become the progenitors of a thousand of their kind in a single year.
The granting pig, with its progeny of twelve, is almost as prolific. But who thinks of linking pigs and progress?
The eagle, which dominates the skies, lays but few eggs, while the grass-hopper, which cumbers the earth, lays one a second.
A proud mother-jackal, surrounded by her swarm of whining cubs, thus reproached the lioness:
"Good Mrs. Lion, how unhappy you must be, able as you are to rear only one cub a year, whereas I have a dozen!"
"It is true that I have but one cub," returned the lioness, proudly, "but I would call your attention to the fact that he is every inch a LION!"
Fishes spawn prodigiously, while stars are procreated only once in an age.
The giant chrysanthemum reaches its perfection of fluffy beauty only when it sits alone on the stem. Let a single stalk produce ten chrysanthemums, and each will be no larger than a half-dollar. The fewer the mightier.
Roses, like Shakespeares, grow far apart and require careful cultivation. Weeds, in dense masses, clog the earth everywhere. Yet we trample a million weeds to pluck a single glorious rose.
Excellence requires elbow-room. Great thinkers come at wide intervals. No single age produces more than one Shakespeare or Balzac or Emerson; but weeds and nuis grow in clusters.
There's only one litter to ten leaners. There is a squirming mass of failures at the foot of the ladder, and only a stalwart few on the top round.
The clamoring, following world wants purpose, not talent. Purpose is the poor man's wealth.
To excel in something useful—even in blacking shoes or in expressing a thought—is to live. Next to that comes the attempt to excel—without which there is no progress.
Every great world-movement—revolution, reformation—is "the lengthened shadow of one man."
Science announces ten errors to every truth. So does every creed but one. The world kowtows before a thousand pigmies on pedestals. It goes to market for its opinions, and gets them by number, not by weight.
We are met everywhere by the cry for quantity. More money—more opportunities—more books—more friends, is the demand. Why not first put what we have of friends and libraries and opportunities and dollars to the finest and most complete use?
Nothing is of value to you excepting as you use it.
Real wealth cannot be hoarded.
Brains enough most people have; but fearless use would vastly improve the quality; and on the quality of our thinking and feeling depends our position on the ladder of evolution which leads from the pollywog up to the archangel.
We talk too much and are silently receptive to our own souls too little.
We prattle of a million futile things—the weather, what "he" said and what "she" said—and so the branny Gab Grist is ground out forever.
Every time the sheep bleats it loses a mouthful.
Emerson and Socrates were not glib talkers. They rested between large utterances.
Big thoughts are few and far apart, like mountains. There must be Valleys of Rest between.
It is easy for a writer to drop into mere "abow work" and pen the accepted beliefs of the majority; but we have the word of Sheridan that "Easy writing

men from the Flag Pole Setters' Union to put up a pole at each corner of the cellar, and then have the roof put on these. After all, we are getting on, you see."
Robert.

V.

June 10.

Dear Julia,
Matters have been progressing rather so-so. The Well and Cistern Tree Rooters' Helpers struck, and as the men wouldn't root with non-union helpers, the work stopped for several days. But the well is done at last, and by great good luck, between strikes, I got the cellar wall finished. The cellar had caved in on one side, but I got men from the Caved-in Cellar Repairers' Union and this was soon remedied. The poultry house logs, however; since the smiths could put it up only in a general way, as it were, both the hen-house shinglers and the chicken-coop door hangers being out in the general strike. But I wish you could see the cellar—all completed, and really a very snug, cozy and home-like cellar it is, too.
Robert.

VI.

June 20

Dear Julia,
Matters stand much as they did. It's a beautiful cellar, and the hen-house is all right, so far as it goes. There are a good many walking delegates about, and yesterday one of them fell into the well. I pulled him out. Now I hear he's in trouble with his organization because he let a non-union man rescue him. It's his own affair, and I shan't worry. I understand that the Rafter Raisers and Roofers' Union has settled its grievance and been released from the strike. If I can hit on some plan to hold our roof up I think I'll have it made. It would be so much done. I have it now! I'll get

World's Fair, St. Louis, 1904.

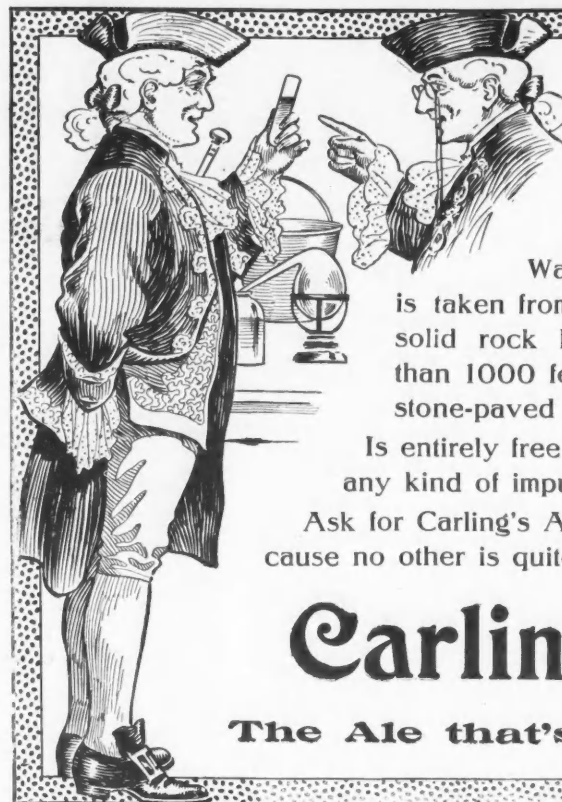
To prepare our readers for the above, which will be, beyond comparison, the greatest fair in the world's history, the Grand Trunk Railway System advertisement in this paper will hereafter weekly mention one or more leading fact or attractive feature of the fair.

Every time the sheep bleats it loses a mouthful.
Emerson and Socrates were not glib talkers. They rested between large utterances.
Big thoughts are few and far apart, like mountains. There must be Valleys of Rest between.
It is easy for a writer to drop into mere "abow work" and pen the accepted beliefs of the majority; but we have the word of Sheridan that "Easy writing

makes dashed hard reading." What is the use of this avalanche of words, words, words, if the words do not give us a new point of view, a greater aspiration, and add somewhat to the truth of the incomplete yesterday?
A clever novelist, leaving the realistic field, writes a romance of colonial days and scores a tremendous success. Fortified with a regiment of clever repeaters, scribbling ditto-men and women follow the leader into the new field, and forthwith the bookshelves groan under a very Ragnarok of colonial novels.
Every imitator attempts the inimitable. He sacrifices the dewy rose to the flower made of muslin, wax and wire. He copies the shell—the style—the scaffolding of the master-carpenter, but the soul-structure inside he never sees and never reproduces. Worse than all, he leaves his own creative powers in the sleep of undevelopment, the while he emulates the ape and the parrot.
Reputations spring up like mushrooms. Characters, on the other hand, grow like the slow sedimentary rocks. Many a great reputation expands like a bubble and breaks as easily—because it is as empty and as thinly walled by solid excellence. On the other hand, fine characters are fruits of slow growth—meaty to the core.—San Francisco "Bulletin."

Toronto to New York.

The morning train for New York leaves 9.45 a.m., via C.P.R., arriving New York 10 p.m. same day (except Sunday), via New York Central. Evening train leaves 5.20 p.m. daily, carrying through sleeper to New York and dining car to Buffalo, arriving New York 7.50 next morning.



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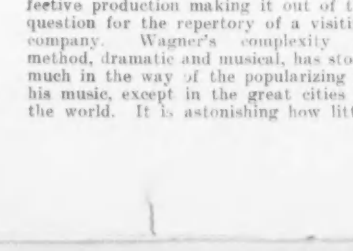
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him to the study of law. The young man graduated from the Alexander Lyceum in St. Petersburg, but he soon found relief from the dullness of his profession at the Royal Conservatory, where he studied piano under Leschetizky and Brassin and theory under Zerenba.

firm discontinues an other advertiser. For business wisdom Sir Thomas is a parent more than a match for a Yankee. Indirectly kings and queens and presidents advertise his teas. When he is being feted in America he says few nice things about the country and

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Social and Personal.

By request of the Woman's Art Association the following artists have kindly consented to open their studios to the public on Saturday afternoon at 3 o'clock. F. M. Bell-Smith, 336 Jarvis street; F. McGilivray Knowles, Confederation Life Building; E. Wylly Grier, Imperial Bank Building; Robert F. Gagen, 90 Yonge street; J. W. L. Forster, Manning Arcade, King street west; Mrs. Dignam, 28 Toronto street; Miss Adams, 325 College street; Miss G. E. Spurr, Room 18, 15 Toronto street.

Mrs. G. I. Riddell has the deep sympathy of her friends in the loss of her dear mother, one who was beloved by all who knew her for her sweet and gentle nature. Mrs. Greene passed peacefully away after only four days' illness.

Mrs. Blackstock Downey left for a two weeks' visit to New York on Tuesday. I heard she was called to the bedside of a very ill friend.

On Tuesday evening, December 29, at St. Mark's Church, Cowan avenue, Parkdale, Florence E. Watson, third daughter of Mrs. E. Watson, 86 Dominion street, and Mr. Alfred Eccleston were married by the Rev. Mr. Ingles. Promptly at 7 o'clock the bride entered the church, preceded by her ushers and bridesmaids. As the bride's party proceeded to the altar, Mr. Perrin played the wedding march. The bride was given away by her brother, Mr. F. C. Watson of Cleveland. The church was beautifully decorated. The groom's gift to the bride was a muff and stole of mink; to the bridesmaids diamond brooches, and to the ushers pearl pins. The groom's cousin sang during the signing of the register. The bride's gown was of bisque silk voile, made over champagne silk, en train, and having panels of tucked chiffon, finished with Venetian lace; the bodice had a yoke of all-over Venetian lace, with bertha of the same, studded with turquoises. A large blue picture hat, trimmed with lace, white tulle and aigrette, and a shower bouquet of bride's roses, lily of the valley, finished a stunning entourage. The bridesmaids were Miss Helen B. and Miss Evelyn M. Watson, sisters of the bride, who wore dresses of green canvas voile over white silk, tucked with yoke and panels finished with braid stitching. The bodice had frills of chiffon and pink rosebuds. Hats of white beaver, trimmed with green panne velvet and large white plumes, and bouquets of pink roses completed the toilettes. Mr. Arthur Eccleston was best man, and Mr. James Dee and Mr. Lowden Morton were ushers. After the ceremony a reception was held at the home of the bride's mother, and a sumptuous dejeuner was served. The happy couple left, amid showers of confetti and good wishes, for their honeymoon to Montreal and the Eastern States, after which they will reside in Guelph. They received many valuable presents, including cheques from relatives in the Old Country. The bride's going-away gown was of brown and green-flaked tweed, with pretty toque of brown and white and touches of green and autumn leaves.

Mr. Ball, manager of Eastern Township Bank, Winnipeg, is in town. He and his wife are guests of Mrs. Young, Spadina avenue.

Mr. and Mrs. Wallace Millicamp are now settled in their new home, 9 Barton avenue, and Mrs. Millicamp and her daughters will receive on New Year's Day.

Miss Ruby Sullivan of Toronto, Miss Belle Campbell of London and Mr. Hany G. Morris of Detroit are the guests of Mrs. S. B. Morris of Rodney, Ont.

Mrs. W. A. Mackinnon and Miss Sampson will, before going to Ottawa, receive with Mrs. Frank Ford, 654 Bathurst street, on Monday, January 4.

Mrs. C. W. Stringer, late of Peterboro', is settled at 142 Sorauene avenue, and will be at home to her friends the first and third Wednesdays in the month.

Mrs. Robert Whitfield Ralfe (nee Brown) will hold her post-nuptial reception on Wednesday afternoon, January 6th, at the residence of her mother, Mrs. P. J. Brown, 28 Cecil street.

Mr. and Mrs. W. A. MacKinnon of Ottawa are spending the Christmas and New Year's holidays with Mrs. D. J. MacKinnon at 31 Dunbar road, Rosedale.

Miss A. Moodie's class of Knox Church met at her home, 49 Borden street, and presented her with a beautiful book of poems, and a very pleasant evening was spent.

Mr. Lawrence Whittemore of Chicago is in town, visiting Dr. Oldright of Oakleigh, and will be gladly welcomed by his many friends.

Mrs. William Stone, 661 Huron street, will not receive again until after the first of February on account of alterations to her residence.

Mr. and Mrs. J. Wesley Meharry, Port Perry, announce the engagement of their eldest daughter, Lila Blackstock, to Mr. James Hutchison Seobell of Peterboro'.

The committee in charge of the Argonaut Rowing Club ball report that all arrangements have been completed. Tickets can be had from any of the following gentlemen, and friends of the members must secure their tickets "through a member of the club." Committee—E. W. Hamber, W. D. P. Hardy, W. R. Wadsworth, Donald Brenner, Hugh Hoyle, T. R. Jones, Lorne Becher, C. J. Forlong, Captain John Law, C. O. Beardmore, C. W. Darling, Walter Green, Temple McMurich and J. G. Merriek.

Mr. and Mrs. Carrington Smith have moved into their new house, 159 Madison avenue.

The Misses Bethune have taken Mrs. Drayton's house, 18 Elm avenue, Rosedale, for six months.

The marriage of Miss Lillian Behan, daughter of Mrs. G. B. Behan, Mimico, and Mr. Arthur Gordon of "Knolly," Cooksville, took place on Wednesday, December 16, at Christ Church, Mimico.

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Head Office, Toronto, Canada.

Owing to the recent death of the groom's grandfather, Sir Melville Parker, the wedding was very quiet, only the immediate friends of the bride and groom being present.

Mrs. John H. Dunlop holds her post-nuptial reception at 644 Lansdowne avenue, next Wednesday, from 4 to 8.

Bows and Buttons.

Every man must have noticed the bow on the left side of his hat a thousand times. Yet how many have ever stopped to consider why the hat should

not be sewn plainly together without any such adornment? This little flat bow is a relic of times when hats were expensive. Then it was customary to tie a cord round the crown, and let the ends hang down on the left side, so that they might easily be grasped if a sudden gust arose. Later on, these ends came to be tied in a bow, and later still they became useless, and were retained simply as an ornament.

Those two buttons which a tailor always places with care in the small of the back of a morning or frock coat are now like the husband bow, perfectly useless, yet once had a practical purpose. The full-skirted coats of a century or

A Coat Worth Wearing



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are well made of the best materials obtainable. Their excellence makes them sought for by people who want the best, and they cost no more than the poorer kind. Sold by all dealers.

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Jan. 3rd—What is the True Solution of the "L'quo Problem?"
Unitarian Literature Free.—Address, Secretary, 308 Jarvis Street.



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The Shirt Waists seen at the smart Receptions, Feas and other social functions are no longer the simple affairs of a few years ago, but artistic combinations of silks, laces, chiffons, etc., forming a charming *fou de ensemble*. Many of the most attractive that have lately been seen at "King Edward" and other society events were designed and finished at our establishment. Of course there are an infinite number of styles and cuts—some tailor-made and suitable for "Matinee," others with bewildering profusion of lace and trimming. To be in perfect taste, however, the style must be adapted to the figure and complexion, and we give the correct suggestions.

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two ago were. troublesome when the wearer would indulge in sword play or other violent exercise. The skirts were, therefore, provided with buttonholes, and the buttons, placed where they still remain, served to hold them back and give the wearer's nether limbs full play. Lately a roll collar has become fashionable in the dinner and smoking coat. But all other coats for men have their lapels nicked. The reason for this is said to have arisen in this fashion: Napoleon conceived a strong aversion for General Moreau, and made things so hot for his friends that it became no longer safe to express public sympathy with the general. So the admirers and supporters of the latter agreed to nick their coat lapels, thus forming the outlines of the letter M, and in this method to display their sympathy and recognize one another. "Modern Society."

The Stomach not Indispensable.

At a meeting of medical men in Vienna the other day, Dr. Ullmann presented a woman, of sixty-two years, whose entire stomach had been removed in an operation for cancer. Nevertheless, she digests all her food, and has gained weight since the operation. The doctor stated that the operation of removing the stomach had now been successfully performed over twenty times. The stomach really plays only a small part in the complex act of digestion, its principal use being that of a reservoir. Hence it is that without this organ meals have to be taken inconveniently often and unusually small. There are several little organs, of complex chemical function, far more indispensable than the stomach, which are seldom heard of. We could not exist, for instance, without the suprarenal capsules, and the pancreas.

Coe's Co.
A hustling promoter named Coe was head of a big cocoa Co. A native named Koko Said, "Pay what you owe, Coe. Or give me the Coe Cocoa Co."

He had other projects, had Coe—Coke owns were one line, and so The two coalesced. Imagine the rest: "Coe-Koko Coke and Cocoa Co!"

—W. D. Nesbit.

Jack's Past.

Alice—Jack has been awfully reckless, but he declares if I marry him he will blot out the past.
Fred—And are you going to marry him?
Alice—Not me; I'm no blotter!



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For Man or Woman

Change slides into a tray.
Made in hand-sewn Pigskin.
Four sizes. Prices—
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An Idyl of The Snows.

HE was a huntsman bold, of a striking personality. His appearance denoted strength and firmness, and in his attire there shone a contrast of color, which was singularly attractive, for his picture-scarlet coat, with its dark-green facings, was a vivid, warm contrast to the wintry landscape. He was a god of a god of a wintry land, his heart's desire. Par, a man. He has no past by moor and fen have, for he is the em he was strong and tie, or at least, mo' open air was life to one emotion which hearts is pity, a m' to a halt beneath an and admitted 'for lo and behold! on one highly respectables was seated a lovely, big, dark, smiling. To and fro, to and fro, she swayed, her long, waving hair reaching almost to the ground. She seemed to fear to cold, though the chill winds were playing havoc with her green robe, and shaking with half angry, half playful twitches the strings of pearls she wore round her slender throat, and in tiny clusters in her hair, and round her wrists.

"Such beauty I have never before seen," quoth he to himself. And, being of a sentimental turn of mind, he bowed low before her; then boldly, and without as much as a "By your leave," he kissed her three times on the lips, a man of honor though he was. And thus he spoke:

"Fair maid, your beauty and charm have bewitched me. I feel a longing in my heart, hitherto unknown, for your sweet companionship, and something within me whispers that it would be well that you and I should be together

for always. My name is Sir Holly Tree, and I take the liberty of placing my heart and fortune at your feet, craving your pardon for my abruptness in so doing.

The maiden smiled, but there was no blush of confusion on her clear and pallid cheek, which looked like wax against the huntsman's coat, so bright and red.

"My name," said she, "is Mistletoe, and my home is on the branches of this ancient tree. Mine is a free and happy life. The cold and bracing winds hurt me not, I love them. Till now the warmth of a lover's kiss has ne'er assailed my lips, and it has awakened in my heart also a longing for your engaging companionship. Poets have written pretty verses about me, and there are many, many legends attached to my name. But thou art the first to thus boldly woo me—as thou shalt be the last."

"Tis well said," answered the knight of the woods. "It is evident that Fate has destined us for each other." He drew her to his side, with a triumphant air, and to look upon them were a goodly pair. She clung to him with confidence; he was so straight and sturdy and self-reliant; she of a timid, trustful nature.

"You speak truly," she whispered. "We were made for each other."

So together they wandered through the wood, for he had said "Come!" and his word was law, even already. But ere long a heavy snowstorm commenced to fall. Thicker, thicker, the flakes came down, and still on and on the happy couple strolled, so enamored of each other that all else was forgotten, and when they bethought them to retrace their steps, behold the path was covered, hidden—and they could not find it.

"Endurance is my watchword," he cried, and so on they strove together, but they found it not.

And still they roam those woods, amidst the snow, and have for ages past, and will in time to come, this gallant knight, Sir Holly Tree, and his fair mistress, Mistletoe. JETNA.

A Timely Limerick.

There was an ex-Mayor who was "frilly"—
In fact, some folks called him a "Willy."
'Twas ever his fate
To get there too late,
And the consequence was he looked silly. —TORONTO.

Aspersing Their Fathers.

A contributor to the Manchester "Guardian," speaking of the selection of hymns unsuited to the occasion, recalls hearing a lot of rascals singing seriously one morning in the chapel of Manchester prison—

We are traveling home to God
In the way our fathers trod.

Second Fiddle.

"Ah, save, permit to me the honor of congratulating you," said a Frenchman, on being introduced to a municipal magistrate. "I hear, save, zat you and your family play ze music."

"Bless me," said the civic dignitary, "I don't know a note of music!"

"Ah, zat ees your modesty, save," responded the polite Frenchman. "I can not be wrong; I hear zat you play second fiddle to your wife."

"Do you trust the reformed cannibals?" asked the newly-arrived missionary.

"I try to trust them," answered the resident missionary; "but it is very difficult not to be suspicious when I sit down to one of their meals and am offered mock-turtle soup."—Judge.

"Did you see that pale young man calling out 'Cash!' at the ribbon counter?"

"Yes."

"Fate is awfully funny sometimes. Ten years ago, when we were boys together, his ambition was to be a mighty hunter and catch mountain lions with a lasso." —"Tit-Bits."

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CORRESPONDENCE COUPON

The above Coupon must accompany every graphological study sent in. The Editor requests correspondents to observe the following Rules: 1. Graphological studies must consist of at least six lines of original matter, including several capital letters. 2. Letters will be answered in their order, unless under unusual circumstances. Correspondents need not take up their own and the Editor's time by sending reminders and requests for haste. 3. Quotations, scraps or postal cards are not studied. 4. Please address Correspondence Column. Enclosures unless accompanied by Coupons are not studied.

Fee—What day in October? I cannot do anything for you in the zodiacal line without exact date. Your writing is very bright, ambitious, clever and hopeful, with some originality and a good deal of sympathy. You are not too insistent and energetic, you should be an ideal person to live with. Give yourself your rightful heritage, an outdoor life, as much as possible. You are so appreciative of beauty in every shape and so well balanced a character, and you are so ably discreet and careful in your dealings with others. No need to be anxious about your delinquency with such a good study. You may be a bit over-careful of impressions and just a little anxious for approbation. You deserve it.

Katrinka—I am glad you said you would wait patiently for a month. As you see, it is a little more. I don't know that I should have taken you for a man, but if I had, it would have been for a very nice but easy-going chap, who would never set the Thames on fire. It is somewhat unusual for a girl's writing, though, and I wonder what it is you are so anxious to succeed in, not the properly feminine pursuits, unless it be nursing. I am sure. You are very affectionate and love all the luxuries of life: are very frank, but discreet also. I am glad you are so appreciative of our paper. You are brightly perceptive, not very keenly practical, but clear and sensible in your thoughts. The temper is most amenable and pleasant, and the optimism quite inspiring. 2. On regarding your study as a whole, I am tempted to say: You will surely be successful if you stick at it. You know best what I mean.

Modest Bridget—You are ambitious, enjoy being prominent, and can ably fill a foremost seat. There is great adaptability and a good deal of plausibility. Some sense of humor, fluency in expression, independent and energetic action, and somewhat robust thought. It is an able, sensible and rather cultured study, with control and repose, hope and buoyancy, and considerable care for detail. You have a receptive, slightly idealistic turn of mind, inclined to unconventionality, but averse, I should judge, to careless or Bohemian ways. It is the hand of a very fine type of woman.

Lausanne—September 22 is just on the cusp, passing from Virgo to Libra. You seem to have many of the Virgo and some of the Libra qualities. You should make rather a good nurse, I should fancy. The love of dancing seems to be a very strong taste in some Virgo people. As to your writing, it is still a bit crude, and being written on blue lines, its character is marred. It is really only in the second stage of development, but is very promising. A fine discretion and caution are shown.

Contadina—The Spanish costume might be black and yellow, bedice over half sleeves of white silk. You do not carry a tambourine when wearing a plain peasant dress. You might carry a flat square basket of grapes and oranges. I don't think any peasants wear mantillas. Be either a doctor or a peasant, and mix them up. The treader costume you describe is perfect. Here's a good time to you and a very Happy New Year.

John Harleycorn—The Pittsburgh Orchestra will certainly play here next month (February), and the same conductor as last year will be their playing. Due announcement of the concert will be made, and you must take them all in. There's not a pin's difference between the thing I said and what you really are. I don't ever "guess" people's ages—seems a silly opinion.

Apple Pie—I am glad I do not have to guess your age, or I'd disagree considerably with the date you mention. It does look a bit childish for a girl of over 25. Your birthday brings you under Taurus, an earth sign, and not apt to develop spirituality as early as others. You lack caution and reserve, and your aims are not always consistent or sustained. A Taurus person ought to know what she wants and then get it. They are strong, exacting, self-reliant persons generally. I usually give? Is that you need a great deal of training, wisdom and experience. You may easily be sensitive and rely too much on others' opinions.

Milton C. L.—You did not give me a nom de plume. Which hand do you use in writing now? It is rather hard that a naturally left-handed person should be forced to spoil a good fist by using the right hand. No individuality was developed, thus. Your writing shows persistence and concentration, some aptitude for form and shape, a desire for a normal turn, at times. You are a pessimist and optimist in turn and would probably be somewhat extreme in your views and convictions. It is not the hand of a plodder nor one for whom life has no problems. I think you have a strong ambition and great decision in expression. It isn't a well-poised hand, nor one calculated to attract and lead. I don't think you ever learned to take life as easily as you might.

Eleanor A.—I. Should a lady put col-

LET'S TALK IT OVER

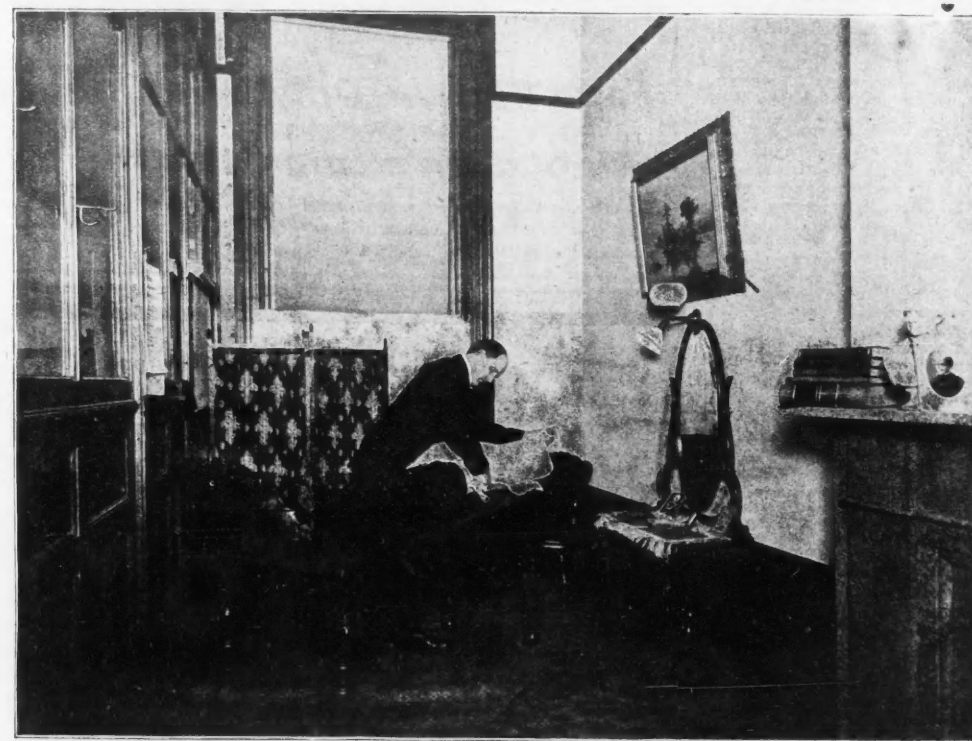


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lection on the plate when accompanied to church by a gentleman? Well, I should say so; she has a cause for gratitude and it will be cheap under a quarter. Go down into your jeans every time, Nellie, and remember how many girls have to prowl home alone. 2. Is it proper for a girl to make a man a Christmas present when he is just a friend? (You will notice that I don't say "young lady" and "young gentleman"; it's not the thing.) Now, do hope your answer not coming sooner than I expect. I shouldn't be too keen on making presents to young men if I were you. How like a January child to be so anxious to do the correct thing! Your writing is fine, full of go and snap, with fine feeling and sympathy, bright intuition, plausible, good-tempered lines and excellent self-esteem. There is some artistic talent, and I dare say music and you would suit each other capably. The tendency in you is to personal display and desire for admiration. Ambition, self-preservation and impulse are very marked. You'll do!

Curandera—I protected you as well as I could, and gave you a partial study only because of your omission. I hope you will see this one. I have just opened your letter. You have several admirable qualities which are not feminine. You are not a brilliant debater nor a close or consistent thinker, but there is an admirable individuality and purpose in your writing that stamps you with interest and distinction. I don't think you ever learned to take life as easily as you might.

Milestones too far Apart.

The late John R. Procter, the president of the Civil Service Commission, was a student of the University of Pennsylvania in 1863 and 1864, and an old Pennsylvania man said of him the other day:

"Procter was a great walker in his college days. He liked nothing better than to set out early on a frosty morning, and to walk twenty-five or thirty miles through the country. He would start alone, as a rule, but if he fell in with a teamster, a laborer, a tramp—anyone—he was well pleased. He would bring home many an odd bit of talk that he had gathered in this way."

"I remember how he once met an Irishman on the road to Norristown. He and the Irishman plodded along together a matter of six or seven miles. They stopped and read each milestone, as walkers always do, and Procter said: 'I think that milestones cheer a road up wonderfully; don't you?' 'Faith an' I do that,' said the Irishman. 'I find them a great comfort. It would be an improvement, though, if they was nearer one another, wouldn't it?'"

To be Dined in Proper Style.

The principal feature of the dining room is, of course, the artistic display made by the cook on the dining-table. But the enjoyment of the evening meal may be greatly enhanced by having the dining-table properly lighted. The correct thing nowadays is the "art dome" electric fixture hung low over the table. Many of the latest designs are to be seen in the art showrooms of the Toronto Electric Light Company at 12 Adelaide street east.

The Cradle, Altar and the Tomb.

Births
MacArthur—Dec. 20, Toronto, Mrs. A. D. MacArthur, a daughter.
Tudor—Dec. 21, Hamilton, Mrs. E. A. T. Tudor, a daughter.
Wedd—Dec. 25, Delhi, Mrs. Lawrence E. Wedd, a daughter.
Bowen—Dec. 25, Underwood, Buxton, Mrs. Bertram H. Bowen, a son.
McMurry—Dec. 27, Bowmanville, Mrs. W. Blake McMurry, a son.
Cameron—Dec. 23, Fort Frances, Ont., Mrs. William Bensdell Cameron, a son.

Marriages
Hardy—Grant—Dec. 21, St. Mary's, Edmund Hardy to Janet Douglas Grant.
Morrison—Willie—Dec. 23, Toronto, Clara

Raymond Morrison to Alice Ethel Willie.
Sutherland—Keming—Dec. 23, Meaford, Charles T. Sutherland to Mary Alice Keming.
Faull—Sargent—Dec. 24, Bellwood, Pa., Joseph Horace Faull to Annie Bell Sargent.
McCurdy—Hayne—Dec. 24, Moncton, N.B., James McCurdy to Elizabeth Hayne.
Perry—Cann—Dec. 25, East Toronto, Wm. Norman Perry, engineer G. T. R., to Mary Austin Cann.

Deaths
Gilmour—Dec. 23, Toronto, Robert Gilmour, aged 69 years.
Schofield—Dec. 23, Port Colborne, Martha E. Schofield, aged 70 years.
Vincent—Dec. 23, Deer Park, Toronto, James T. Vincent, aged 72 years.
Masson—Dec. 24, Toronto, James Masson, formerly Judge of the County Court of Huron, aged 64 years.
Burrett—Hillside—Edmonton, Emma Theresa Burrett, aged 64 years.
Gamble—Dec. 25, Toronto, Anne Birchall Gamble, aged 77 years.
Bowly—Dec. 25, Rome, Italy, Dr. David Sovereign Bowly, aged 77 years 3 months and 23 days.
Sparling—Dec. 25, Montreal, George Belton Sparling, M.A., aged 60 years.
Boulthée—Dec. 27, Roseland, B.C., Lizette Boulthée.
Sale—Dec. 24, Toronto, Mary Anne Sale, aged 88 years.
Coulson—Dec. 23, Guelph, Mary Coulson, aged 81 years.
Crawford—Dec. 24, Toronto, Catherine Grant Crawford.

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